THE COMMONWEAL

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CAN CATHOLICS BE LIBERALS?

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT, with Sir Arthur Sullivan to set his observation to music, has told us that political opinions are purely prenatal affairs. "Every little boy or gal who's born into this world alive is either a little liberal or else a little conservative." Without impugning the wisdom of the great librettist, it may be doubted whether it is all as easy as that. Just as childhood is often a period of smothered revolt against a loving despotism that has not to give reasons for what it does or says, so youth is often a period of acute discontent, with which any wise man will none the less have patience when its causes fall short of the divine.

So generally, in fact, is this prerogative of impatience conceded to youth that there is something a little uncanny in a very young man too obviously contented with the caution of his elders, too unmoved by indignation at injustices he sees them accept with perfect composure. Whatever is creditable in the revolutions that have from time to time subverted an established order will generally be found to come from this unchilled ardor—this readiness to set lance in rest and have at the windmills that have been grinding the world's corn for ages. Victor Hugo has told us something about these elements of revolution. "Irritated convictions, eager enthusiasms, excited indignations, the repressed instincts of war, exalted young courage, noble impulses; curiosity, the taste for change, the thirst for the unexpected. . . empty dreams, ambitions shut in by high walls." It is because the Russian Revolution is so coldly and scientifically void of discoverable traces of magnanimity that it is repellent in the eyes of red-blooded men. It is because the French Revolution abounds in them that it claims our indulgence and that such a Catholic-minded writer as Mr. Belloc can perceive, piercing through all the fog of massacre, confiscation and execution, some vision that is not to be hastily dismissed as unrighteous.

Given, then, that youth is a yeasty period from which we must look for impulses rather than reasons, the question remains: Into what social and political contexture is the thought of a young man to harden when reflection and experience have overtaken imagination? Is the inescapable pressure of the fact to mold it into a habit of mind where everything once questioned is accepted, where the social injustices once resented are welcomed because, competently handled, they can be made the material for personal emancipation and economic success? Are the bright hues of generosity and readiness to take a risk which make authentic youth so adorably easy to forgive to fade out one by one into the protective coloration of the

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herd? Worst of all, is the cynicism which so keen an observer as Mr. Aldous Huxley notes as the greatest menace to contemporary youth to descend into the secret places of the heart until a new paganism, worse and more hopeless than the old, is installed in our midst?

This is not an attempt to draw a picture of anything deserving the name of true conservatism. It is merely an attempt to paint a few of the evils that may well lurk at the bottom of a social dispensation that labels itself conservative, and too often gets away with the label. True conservatism, thanks be to God, is planted in something better than the desire to preserve a society which helps material acquisitiveness. History, tradition, a mass of effort that once had to endure the reproach of being radical and subversive, are in its soil. Ancient liberties wear quite as venerable an air to it as ancient restraints. It is a good forester. Not only does it, in the words of the Victorian laureate, "lop the moldered branch away." It would have an axe laid to the parasitic growths, sudden as Jonah's gourd, which creep up the trunk and mingle their poisonous vegetation with the foliage they are killing. In a country such as our own, founded upon a philosophic conception of liberty so all-embracing and understanded of men that the very dangers which might one day threaten went unheeded, conservatism and liberalism should be interchangeable terms.

In a volume to which he gives the depressing title, Declining Liberty, Dr. John A. Ryan, one of the bravest and most thoughtful of our social authors, deplores the fact that, in his opinion, they are not. Dr. Ryan is a brilliant writer for the times, though no one will deny that a good many of his conclusions fall within the class designated "contentious." In a forthcoming issue The Commonweal hopes to review his very striking book as its merits and the importance of the issues it raises demand. In the present article, it will be enough to mention a few of the instances in which he sees this country falling below the intentions of its founders and partaking in what he terms the "mutilation of liberty" observable on the older continent.

One is a disposition on the part of our State Department to subserve the views of dominant foreign governments in Europe even though their ideals may be the very antithesis of our own. "When we record the fact," says Dr. Ryan, "that Charles Stewart Parnell was accorded the freedom of the floor of Congress. . . we realize how far our government has departed in the Karolyi case from our glorious traditions of welcome to foreign opponents of political tyranny." Another is a new harshness to the alien. A bill "strongly supported" in the Sixty-ninth Congress provided that every alien should be fingerprinted, photographed and a record of his life furnished, to be produced on demand. The abuse of the labor injunction in labor disputes, Dr. Ryan contends, has practically abolished the right of the worker to strike. It need not be said that the Volstead Act, with its legislative litmus paper in the mouths of our citizenry, is quoted as registering a fourth descent in the falling barometer of personal liberty.

This list, it might be pleaded, is the veriest commonplace of political protest. Hardly a week passes without one or other of its items being made the theme for indignant comment by the liberal press. Nevertheless, as marshaled for our edification by Dr. Ryan, it acquires an importance of its own, not only because the writer is a professor of moral theology and a priest with a cure of souls as well as of minds, but because his arraignment is used to give point to a question whose pertinence we cannot escape and should not want to.

Can a Catholic be a liberal? asks Dr. Ryan. To justify such a question he tells us of two opinions on the point that have reached him from opposite ends of the scale of economic thought. "A few years ago, a very reactionary member of the legislature of my own state expressed surprise that I held what he was pleased to term 'liberal' views in economics while remaining conservative in religion." On the other hand "someone asserted I would be a very good liberal were it not for my opposition to birth control."

Dr. Ryan's story seems to us a very good illustration of a difficulty that is likely to confront any young man of the older faith when he emerges into a period of life where his social conduct, his opinions and his vote will count in his community and state. In a fashion they will be his Scylla and Charybdis, between which it behooves him to steer discreetly. On the one hand he will meet with many sleek and worldly citizens, who have neither love nor respect for his religion, but who are very ready to accept him as their economic ally once they are convinced that an inherent mistrust of change is part of Catholic tradition. On the other hand, he will meet with many who hunger and thirst for justice, like himself, but from whom he may have to part company at any moment he finds a precept rooted in ancient tradition and natural law warning him away from some short and plausible cut to social betterment. Honesty of purpose quite as much as skill will save him from foundering in either whirlpool. To the advocate of birth control he can reply that nothing is robbing social justice of its due urgency so much as the feeling, expressed or implied, that the working classes have a secret remedy for their trials and discomforts within their own hands. "All these things will I give thee"! To the sham conservative he will hardly find a better answer than Dr. Ryan's own, namely, that the advocate of Pope Leo's great charter of justice and the bishops' program are the true conservatives because they are the heirs of a day which antedated all political liberties, a day when "under the fostering care of the Church, the masses possessed an amount of economic freedom, economic opportunity and economic control which would be immensely distasteful to present-day adherents of economic conservatism."

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WEEK BY WEEK

IN MAKING his vigorous attack upon the Flood Control Bill, President Coolidge was obviously relying upon information obtained from an official source—that is, from the War Department. Ever since the disastrous flood of last year, the army men have advocated the Jadwin plan, which called for the immediate development of the levee system and put a considerable part of the burden upon the individual states. When the Senate came to discuss the problem, it paid especial attention to the need of large acreages for the proper construction of dikes and spillways. Differing on this point from General Jadwin's views, the Senate stipulated that the land—which may amount to nearly half a billion acres—be paid for by the federal government. Here the way is certainly opened to a great deal of possible extortion. Much of the territory in question is owned by corporations engaged in lumbering or land salvaging, and it is likely enough that, following appraisal by local juries, they might hold out for a high price. It is easy to see what $100 an acre for the soil in question would mean.

AGAINST this the President raised his voice with considerable righteousness. He has made a campaign for national economy and is not likely to abandon the field before the attack of the mightiest dragon to have loomed up. Nevertheless, one cannot doubt that in throwing so large a part of the burden upon the communities interested, the Jadwinites (upon whom Mr. Coolidge looks with favor) are actually endangering the success of the flood control plan as a whole. The economic status of many of the districts in question has been poor for some years past. Under the impetus of recent events, the verge of bankruptcy has been approached in several places, so that it is manifestly both unfair and quixotic to expect alacrity in shouldering new debts. The solution of the Mississippi problem is, after all, a matter of vital concern to more than a million citizens. If it does not deserve the qualifying term "national," what does?

IL DUCE having announced his decision to perpetuate Fascism, many critics and statesmen doubt his ability to project his will into the future. It is believed that Mussolini is far greater than his party; that opposition to the régime is strong, though dormant; and that no fair parallel can be established between the government that survived Lenin and the current generated in Italy. No doubt few would argue that Fascism can safely repose upon the perilously violent and one-sided conceptions of government which now seem to constitute its philosophy. But men on the outskirts of the party—Count Sforza, for instance—could easily supply what is lacking in depth and range, and so humanize a theory that is now far too mechanistic. Only the fact that Italy needed to work itself into a sweat has justified the forcefulness of the past years. One should remember, however, that all the rigors engendered practically no brutality. Mussolini talked a great deal of the "strong arm," both at home and in reference to foreign policies, but there has been no massacre, no Napoleonic crusade, no drift away from tranquil security. He has accomplished the remarkable feat of constructing a régime of might without really employing a great deal of it. That means for his party a tradition free of horrors and wholesale bloodshed—a tradition which the right kind of people may succeed in rendering more stable and equitable. It would be well for Italy, indeed, if the generations to come would learn a lesson from Cardinal Gasparri while they are memorizing the tenets of Mussolini. Perhaps they will.

REITERATION is a foe to interest. But the fact that Cardinal Hayes's appeal for funds to carry on the work of Catholic Charities has come to be an annual and anticipated event does not affect the urgency and timeliness of each successive utterance. Like many things which acquire a regular tempo and routine, each occasion borrows fresh significance from the consciousness that has accumulated in men's minds during the interval. To say that the problem of unemployment is shadowing them at the present moment might be an exaggeration. But its presence as a constant menace is certainly a little acuter this year than the last time the appeal came from New York's Cardinal Archbishop. Gustav Cassel, professor of economics at Stockholm University and a thinker whose conclusions are very greatly valued, puts the matter concisely when he tells us that it seems to him quite

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clear that "unemployment is the most conspicuous and most characteristic evil of post-war time." In other words it is more clearly perceived even than a year ago that lack of work for the willing is less an accident due to the incidence of "good times" and "bad times" than an economic fact we must expect, due to changes in world habits that are the reverse of the progress in which we take legitimate pride. The substitution of one fuel—even of one fashion—for another, may entail, here and there, a subversion in the labor market that spells widespread hardship. It may even cause the perilous margin between reasonable comfort and the "existence line" to disappear for hundreds of thousands of men and women.

OVER and above its help for the stricken in body and mind, and for that large class entitled "wards of the state," the ideal of Christian charity so eminently expressed in the rules that Frédéric Ozanam drew up for his devoted followers has always been support to breadwinners and their families through epochs of crisis that may suddenly develop for the deserving and apparently secure. In the words of the report of Catholic Charities published last year: "The family is the basic unit of society and normally should function independently in its own sphere. But circumstances may alter family life so swiftly and so radically that advice and assistance are needed." Experience has demonstrated that assistance never proceeds more naturally than from the quarter whose advice has been heeded and reverenced for years, that material help wears its least forbidding aspect when it reaches the hard-pressed brother or sister from other brothers and sisters in a communion on which social and economic differences cast only a fleeting shadow. The generosity of those both within and without the Faith when a noble ideal is presented them received a striking demonstration last year. It is the first business of Catholics not only to see to it that no falling off is registered in 1928, but to make it clear that the volume of generosity is proportioned to the growing volume of the need.

"OUT of the depths I cry to Thee" will be sung, in the beautiful old Latin of the Church, over the body of Archbishop Jose Mora y del Rio, who died in exile on April 22. The same words might well have been his daily prayer during the long year of murderous conflict. Since the day when Calles police laid hands upon the Catholic hierarchy of Mexico as they would have upon so many criminals, the aging prelate experienced to the full the bitterness of that desolation which can come only to the Church of God—which, indeed, is one mark of her Divine virtue because in its deeps the image of Calvary abides. When the conflict began, Archbishop Del Rio was no longer the virile, tireless figure who some years earlier had begun an earnest campaign for ecclesiastical reform in his country. Mexico was then suffering from the effects of troubled years: few minds were completely adjusted to the new political and social currents; provincialism had fostered many individualistic and even eccentric habits; the relation between Church and state was none too clear. Through the welter of that era the great Archbishop moved like one with whom light goes steadily and dependably. It was therefore particularly unfortunate that he was forced to bear the brunt of Calles's revolutionary attack before his own work had been accomplished. Before his mind there hovered constantly the picture of God's harvest, cut down at a moment when all seemed particularly promising. He died at an hour when the gloom was relieved by but few rays of light. But, one feels sure, his country is now the realm where all things are made plain, and where the eternal truth of faith and hope and charity is manifest.

ORGANIZING Catholic college alumni into a national federation has been no easy task, but now, at the close of three years spent in hard work, the men who undertook it may justly be proud of their achievement. Such a program as that arranged for the recent New York City convention was really the most elaborate survey and study of the Catholic system of higher education ever presented in this country. Numerous speakers dealt with aspects of method or underlying philosophy, but all were actuated by a spirit of loyalty to institutions which, they believe, are serving God and country well. At the concluding banquet youth itself lent a hand in making impressive the purposes of the federation. A pageant acted by Fordham University students illustrated the age-old energy of the Faith as a civilizing and sublimating power. We aim to present next week a more detailed commentary upon the event and the considerations it evoked. At present we feel that all Catholic America owes to the men who have set this movement in motion a solemn vote of thanks. No job is more important—and none seems more frequently to be pushed aside as something that can be taken for granted—than the development of the right kind of educational processes. The Catholic college is not the only good college, but its tradition and motivation are so fine that all will profit by its growth, prosperity and increasing influence.

INCIDENTALLY the closing banquet was the occasion of an impressive suggestion made by Mr. Theodore F. McManus. He urged a campaign for an endowment fund of $10,000,000, to make possible the full flowering of the work which the federation hopes to accomplish. Ten millions applied to an "educational" enterprise of this kind would strike many people as a great deal of money. It is enough to build a handsome city skyscraper; it exceeds the total valuation of any existing Catholic college. But when one observes the magnitude of educational benefactions in our time, it looks comparatively meagre. The total of gifts privately given to 975 colleges during 1927 is $168,000,000—just one year's harvest and seventeen times the

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amount suggested by Mr. McManus. Money will not guarantee the success of an educational or social movement, but it is a very idealistic person who does not see that even the log would cost Mark Hopkins something in this day and age. Surely the time has come to realize that fact in so far as Catholic cultural movements are concerned. And if Mr. McManus and his friends once set out to raise $10,000,000, they may establish a precedent which will lead ultimately to no end of great achievement.

THE jubilation which attended the blessing and laying of the cornerstone of Our Lady of Guadalupe church in Chicago, a Palm Sunday celebration, was inevitably affected by the thought of that other great shrine of the Virgin Mother in Mexico to which, disassociated though it is from its rightful ministers by a persecuting government, the faithful hundreds of thousands still continue their pilgrimages. The new church building is the nucleus of a Catholic centre in the city's South Side, which, made possible by the munificence of Mr. F. J. Lewis, Knight of Saint Gregory, will include when completed, a school and convent where sisters from Mexico are to establish headquarters for educational and settlement purposes. The Right Reverend Pascual Diaz, Bishop of Tabasco, secretary to the Mexican episcopate, came especially at the invitation of the pastor, the Reverend James Tort, C. M. F., to officiate at the ceremony which was attended by 10,000 men, women and children of all nationalities. Coupled with the prelate's thanksgiving that his countrymen's worship of God was insured by the religious freedom of this country was that irrepressible grief over the deprivations of his own flock. This spontaneously and eloquently brought to his lips an exhortation to the Mexicans in his audience that they be ever grateful to this country and treasure their faith and religion so easy to be practised here. It was a plea which should reverberate through the ranks of all nationalities of Catholics in this country.

OBSERVATIONS which Mr. William ("Will") Hays, our movie czar, thought fit to make before the American Club in Paris do not assay a very large proportion of original thought—indeed, many of them might find themselves very fittingly pouring from behind the chewed cigar of Sinclair Lewis's latest creation, Lowell Schmalz. "Thirty years ago the motion picture did not exist"; "It has become a universal language through which the world can be reached regardless of tongue"; "When they [the peoples of the earth] know each other well, they find difficulty in hating." These are only a few blooms extracted from Mr. Hays's bromidic bouquet. It might be pointed out that there is not one of the high lights which our screen dictator uses as a selling point that does not suggest its attendant danger, and, therefore, does not impose all the more urgently upon the moving picture magnates the setting in order of their overgrown house. Are the peoples of the earth really likely to "know one another" (or know America) through standardized pictures reproducing a violent or vapid society, in which multimillionaires, adventuresses and gunmen are featured as protagonists, and in which a tribute to seemliness, about as convincing as Tartufe's conscience, leaves untouched a mass of provocative action, and very often a title plainly aimed to foment the baser sort of curiosity? These are the perils against which social thinkers, not in Europe alone, are in arms, and from which no subsidiary questions of reciprocity between American-made and foreign films should distract us. "The quickest way to the brain is through the eye," Mr. Hays told his fellow-lunchers in Paris. We shall be more prepared to applaud his sincerity when a few scenarios aimed at the brain rather than at a set of none too creditable emotions appear on the film export list.

HUMBLE, charming, saintly to the last, Father Walter Elliott died at the ripe age of eighty-seven, respected as rector emeritus of the Apostolic Mission House and beloved as "the grand old man of the missions." Few priests have lived more stirring lives. Born on the middle-western frontier, educated in the struggling Catholic schools of that era, seeing rugged service in the Civil War, finding his way into the public affairs of the nation, Father Elliott one day resolved to devote his life to the apostolic cause which Father Isaac Hecker was then advocating to young men. He was ordained in 1872, and as a member of the Paulist community carried on valiantly by pen and word of mouth until 1903, when the foundation of the Apostolic Mission House afforded him a new and unusual, if difficult, opportunity. Here he was soon the exemplar and the educator of missionaries—himself a veteran but none the less a constantly youthful apostle. Father Elliott's best-known work is his Life of Christ, which has carried into many languages a reverent and beautifully written account of the Saviour's years upon earth. Perhaps, however, his Life of Isaac T. Hecker is more certain to keep his name alive in letters, being the only complete biography of one of the greatest among American spiritual leaders. Few preachers have been more widely esteemed than he. Our memory of him will bring a blessing upon ourselves.

WHAT might be termed an echo of Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop was heard recently in the House of Representatives, considering at that time the facilitating of the Pacific Southwest Exposition which will commemorate the service of the Spanish padres as the bearers of Christian civilization to the west coast of the United States. This was the speech of Representative Evans of California, which readily falls into the category of eulogy. For those schooled to think of this section in terms of real-estate tracts, Hollywood stories and tourist literature, the fact that "no part of our American history is more

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colorful than this early period in which there was first introduced into that country Christian civilization" is not often present. "All the early romance and tradition of this now coveted section," the congressman asserted, "is closely woven around the work of these men, led by Father Junipero Serra, the founder of the missions. . . . As a part of and around them subsequently grew and sprung up the cities and towns of California. These edifices supplied all the requirements of that day and time of home, church, school and fort for the protection from invasion by hostile natives that inhabited the country generally. It was there that science, education and art were introduced to the Indians." Is it too much to hope that the further depiction of this epic of linked religion, art and science will take a greater and justifiable place in American literature?

ONE of Trader Horn's last deeds in this country was to appear at a function calculated to supply funds to make possible the printing of his work in Braille. Not a few cynically minded persons saw in this act just another "publicity stunt," but it was kindly and helpfully thought of, just the same. Too frequently we forget the plight of those whom fortune has deprived of the myriad pleasures of vision and has made dependent, in an especial manner, upon the generosity of others. There are many more blind children in this country than the average citizen realizes. Some are very poor; others have an unusually difficult time adjusting themselves to their lot. In various places Catholic sisters have cared for little blind girls during many years, with a devotion and intelligence admired by all. Too frequently, however, the public has quite overlooked their work. That has meant financial stringency and impaired efficiency. Just now the Catholic Institute for the Blind, New York City, is making an appeal for greater interest and enlarged funds. We trust it will be heeded, and that similar efforts throughout the country will meet with the success that so eminently worthy a cause deserves.

THE AMERICAN

IT IS not often that one agrees heartily with those excitable people who identify all virtues with the United States. Every mind that tends to be free writes its own Volstead Act against the intoxication of the 100-percent formula. Yet there is a real patriotic pleasure in noting how frequently citizens of this new land have combined manly devotion to principle with incomparable courtesy, soldierly habits with magnanimity. The white plume is, of course, no particular people's treasure, but it has waved here with a charming naturalness—in a spirit of nobility, Christian charity and humor—that seems incomparable. Nowhere is all this more evident than in the letters of General George E. Pickett to his wife, published under the title of Soldier of the South, by the Houghton Mifflin Company. We believe this little book deserves a prominent place among what may be termed the country's classics. Dealing with the inner life of a man who fought hard for the Confederacy, it exemplifies a habit of mind that should be known and loved as genuinely American.

That Pickett was a sterling soldier is a fact nobody will deny who has heard of Gettysburg. But already on June 1, 1862, he wrote to his fiancée: "How I wish I could say all battles were ended and that the last shot that will ever be heard was fired. What a change love does make! How tender all things become to a heart touched by love—how beautiful the beautiful is and how abhorrent is evil! I have heard that my dear old friend, McClellan, is lying ill about ten miles from here. May some loving hand minister to him. He was, he is and he will always be, even were his pistol pointed at my heart, my dear friend. May God bless him and spare his life." This anent the general in command of the enemy is about as fine as anything of the kind could be. But Pickett's point of view was never degraded through all the months and years of carnage that followed. He was proud of his command—"there never was such an army, such an uncomplaining, plucky body of men"—but he was also constantly aware of the humanity of the foe.

No documents on the subject of war have more poignancy than Pickett's letters after the battle of Gettysburg, or on the occasion of his attendance at a reunion of southern soldiers. If the young bloods of the present would read them, the effect would be far superior to anything that can be accomplished by demonstrations of the economic futility or the political sinfulness of armed conflict. The graciousness of good breeding hovers round all he has to say. Nor is the spirit ever unconscious of its moments of cheer. Sometimes one chuckles at Pickett's frolicking. He had married during the war and his first child was born. He wanted to fly to the bedside of his wife. "But," he says, "when I applied to the great Tyee for a pass to Richmond, saying, 'My son was born this morning,' he replied, 'Your country was born almost a hundred years ago.'" Pickett remarked that it was "the first word of suggestive reproach that Marse Robert ever spoke to me" but concedes its justice.

Evocative of the epic aroma of that entire age is the anecdote of General Grant, whom Pickett met in Canada after the war had ended: "He took in his the hand of your heart-sore soldier, and looking at him for a moment without speaking, said slowly: 'Pickett, if there is anything on the top of God's green earth that I can do for you, say so.'" If there be any form of unadulterated Americanism to which all of us ought to swear allegiance, this is it. Pickett's little book looks tiny beside a great many pretentious volumes of fiction and philosophy written in Americanese, but it is worth dozens of them. It should belong to every boy and be retained far into manhood. Please God, this kind of white plume shall be everlasting.

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A COLLEGIATE SCREEN TEST

WE ARE informed that after peering deeply into the affairs of atoms, scientists have come upon a notion that may account for the heat of the sun. One never knows what careful scrutiny will reveal, either of good or evil. The poet, in spite of his impractical mind, long since discovered that all glistening things are not gold. And, to hurry on rapidly to our point, it seems that the American generation which has given itself most enthusiastically to the colleges has also been most critical of them. An institution that plays so great a part in the development of the American future as does the campus deserves a vast amount of intelligent attention. Unfortunately much of what passes for calm appraisal of education has been uttered by professional bystanders. Now, however, under the title of The Effective College we are presented with a critical survey of the situation by experts—that is, college presidents, deans and mere professors—who speak authoritatively and yet frankly.

It would, perhaps, be impossible to phrase more accurately the difficult position occupied by the campus president than does Dr. Aydelotte (Swarthmore College) in the following words: "We are creatures of our time, we college presidents. The institutions over which we watch, too often with ineffectual anxiety, are living organisms, responsive to the feverish spirit of the age, reflecting its restless search both for passing pleasures and for the unattainable ideal. Like the newspapers, the movies and the railroads, we must give the public what it wants. If we cared to boast, I think we might say with some justice that we have gone a little farther than any one of those institutions in trying to convince the public that what it really wants is not what will satisfy its most superficial whim, but rather what will meet its deepest, perhaps as yet unconscious, need. Our success depends in the long run on persuading the public that what it wants is what will satisfy its best, and not its ordinary self."

That is at once a claim and a challenge. There may well be question, however, as to whether the college of today is really heading toward the fulfilment of this promise. Dean Effinger (University of Michigan) genially sums up the feelings of a thousand doubting Thomases: "With Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other, the conditions for a liberal education at one time were considered satisfied. With the log transformed into unions and dormitories and gymnasiums and field houses and stadiums and laboratories and libraries, it may be that some rare expectant student sometimes wonders, 'Where the devil is Mark?'" The right answer, we are told by President Macmillan (Wells College) is to make the university life cellular, after the image of the home. He draws attention to the way in which Oxford assimilates Rhodes scholars, sprinkling them all about the various colleges. "We know what the result has been. Every one of our Rhodes scholars has come back with an English accent and some of them even have the Oxford gobble."

All this, however, is really corporate activity. We need the individual student, the promising mind, the academic leader and forger ahead. President Mason (Chicago University) seems to believe that the way to create these people is to invite them to create themselves. Having observed that a number of young men interested in a special science came to the graduate school from one college, he went on a tour of exploration and discovered that neither the teacher nor the environment of the youths in question was at all remarkable. They had simply been appointed assistants —"had been given a place in a laboratory with a job to do and had taught themselves." On the other hand, Professor Tatlock, summarizing Harvard experience, says emphatically that nothing can take the place of presentation of a subject by an expert and concludes: "College may be ideally a place for teaching men to think, but we must give boys something to think about." Still more emphatic is Dr. Pace (Catholic University) who believes that the college faculty member exists to teach, and that he must be endowed primarily with "the will to teach." An effort to conceive of pedagogy as the central function of the college is implied also in the following lament voiced by Dean Holt (West Point): "What a pity that we cannot in some way inspire the masses of our students to list study among the extra-curricular activities."

Returning to the corporate functions of the institution, one finds considerable attention being given to religion. Dr. James H. Ryan (Catholic University) offers an excellent analysis of the Catholic position regarding this matter and concludes: "The atmosphere of academic freedom which one finds in a Catholic college has often been commented upon, and is, in my view, a direct result of the dogmatic stability which is a no less prominent characteristic of such institutions." Dean Smyser (Ohio Wesleyan) speaks hopefully from the point of view of the denominational college: "A program that is free from cant and insincerity, that is varied in character, that is directed to the specific end of worship and the quickening of the religious impulses, invariably wins the response that only ardent and ingenuous youth can make." No doubt youth must always be dear to religion (even as it was dear to the Saviour) before religion will become dear to youth. There are many encouraging signs.

Thus the complex organism of higher education suggests a multitude of considerations, some of them capable of settlement, others of them subject to the constant flux of altering circumstance. One believes that The Effective College will prove to many sceptical persons that American academia is aware of its problems and anxious to effect their solution. It may, of course, likewise suggest a merely quantitative remedy: if both the faculty and the student-body could be cut down by one-half, many of the "problems" would, in all probability, solve themselves.

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WHO WILL MAKE THE ISSUES?

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

AS IS customary every four years, the political intellects of the land are busily at work determining what shall be the issues of the coming campaign; and as is also customary, the intellects are in irreconcilable opposition to each other. Dr. Butler and Senator Borah are convinced that the issue must be prohibition; Senator Walsh and a host of lesser leaders hold that it must be the oil scandal; Senator Read holds that it must be broadened to take in the whole field of Republican villainy; most of the Republican sages think they can win again with prosperity and Coolidge's record; and so it goes.

Nothing will ever teach our statesmen that they have as much influence on the issues as they have on the changes of the moon. Politicians are a peculiarly child-like, simple-minded and credulous tribe. They love axioms, preferably impossible ones, and any axiom once accepted is hugged to their breasts eternally, in spite of the annual proofs that there is nothing in it.

It is also believed, with this same beautiful simplicity, that the party platforms draw the issues and that it is vastly important to have only the right planks, and all of the right planks, in the platform; whereas in truth it is of no importance whatever. It was once important, notably in 1860 and 1864, but it has been of no consequence whatever in this generation. The politicians, however, received the axiom from their fathers and have never once thought of inquiring what there was in it. And wherever in this article the word "politicians" is used, the reader will please add the words "and newspaper editors."

Who, then, does make the issues? The people make them. Further, the issue which the people regard as paramount, the issue which decides the election, may never be discussed in the editorials or on the stump at all. May not be? There has been many a campaign in which just that thing has happened. The last two campaigns, 1924 and 1920, are instances.

As for the second delusion—that the platforms make the issues—that long since ceased to be true. The issues are made nowadays by the candidate's speech of acceptance, and by the candidate's character, and the general knowledge of what he stands for. Only the most conscientious students ever read the wordy monstrosities which have taken the place of the old-time short and snappy platforms. As for discussion of these elaborate scrapbooks during the campaign, the stump speakers may discuss a few planks, but John Citizen does not.

To these two delusions add a third. The politicians have a superstition that in every campaign there is an issue, even many issues. The commonest of phrases in politics is, "What will be the issue this year?"—as if, forsooth, it were a foregone conclusion that a campaign could not last until election day without an issue. The truth is that many an election has been decided without any issue at all.

What underlies this last delusion is the visioning of a campaign as a forum wherein men disagree intellectually on some proposition, debate it, and make up their minds. There have been campaigns in which there was no such disagreement; in which the people voted their likes and dislikes, not their philosophical or economic differences. The most notable examples, among many, are the campaigns of 1840 and 1884.

Four years ago the Democrats determined that the oil scandal should be the issue. Frank R. Kent has just published a history of the Democratic party, and in it, when he reaches this campaign, he remarks in a bewildered manner: "The utter absence of genuine popular indignation over them [the scandals] was and will continue to be a difficult thing to explain adequately about the American people, but the fact remains that they did not get indignant." The reason was that they had made their own issue, made it before the scandal was uncovered. The issue on which the people voted was settled the preceding December, when President Coolidge sent his first message to Congress. The people merely waited long enough to find out if Coolidge meant what he said, and found he did. From that moment the campaign was over. Throughout that campaign the writer of this article never heard any two men on the street talking about oil, but did hear hundreds talking about Coolidge economy and his debunking of government. That was the issue the people made, and the politicians could talk themselves hoarse about the issues they wanted the people to make without having the smallest effect.

That was the last campaign. The first campaign this writer remembers is that of 1884. In that year Blaine, the Republican candidate, determined that the tariff must be the issue and made his speeches along that line. The Democrats tried to make "Turn the rascals out" the issue. There was a bolt from Blaine on the ground of his record, and the Mugwumps always asserted that that was the issue which beat him. However, when I heard substantial business men saying that they were going to vote a Democratic ticket for the first time, the reason they gave was always, "The country needs a change." They were not rising in their might to punish Blaine's alleged dishonesty, they were not shocked by the scandals of Grant's time, and they were not interested in the tariff. They were dissatisfied with the management of the country politically and with its effect on business. But you never heard that "issue" mentioned on the stump.

In 1896 McKinley and Hanna were determined that the "issue" must be the tariff; but the party platforms

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made free coinage of silver paramount and the stumping and editorializing were all about that. McKinley's election was made the reason for much congratulation of the honest voter who had risen in his might to rebuke "repudiation." But the honest voter had not been talking about either silver or the tariff, not here in the East where he voted for McKinley. He talked, as he had been talking for three years, about the panic of 1893 and "Cleveland hard times." You never heard that "issue" mentioned by orator or editor, but it was dominant in the minds of the inaudible voters who elected McKinley. Of late years political writers have examined the records and say that by the figures Bryan made not a worse run, but a better run, than any other candidate could have made; and it has come out that for the first half of the campaign he seemed likely to win and had Hanna badly scared. From which it may be concluded that the voters "rebuked" not Bryan and free silver, but Cleveland and the panic.

There was no issue at all in 1908, though Bryan kept trying and discarding one after another. The election was decided on nothing whatever but the fact that President Roosevelt had satisfied the people and they did not care to make a change. There have been many such campaigns, but the citation of these recent ones will have to do, since this article is limited in space. It will be enough to add that in spite of all the to-do about "imperialism" in 1900, the thing the man in the street talked about was solely the general satisfaction with McKinley's administration and the improbability that the Democrats could do better. We cannot go back here to 1840, 1824, or any of the other issueless years. But it is true that in every one of them the politicians were just as complacently sure, first that there must be an issue, and secondly that they were the boys to make it, as they are in this year of grace.

As for the windy and useless platforms, the real platform is the candidate's speech of acceptance, except where his personality is itself a platform. There was no need, for instance, for Roosevelt either to make a speech of acceptance or to run on a platform; but the platform was just as tedious and terrible as if there had been serious doubt of his election. These preposterous documents are of recent origin. The first long platform was written as late as 1884, when Cleveland stood on it. Before that year the parties had been able to state their principles in 500 or 600 words. Now a platform is brief if a newspaper can get it printed in a page. Everything is included in it that any set of lobbyists may require; and probably this year both platforms will sympathize with the Jews in Roumania and note with interest the progress of Czechoslovakia.

If the people ever read the platforms at all, and certainly most of them do not, they never discuss them. They are immediately overshadowed by the candidates' speeches, and these are a modern growth. They used to be utterly informal. Lincoln's, in 1860, was exactly three sentences long. In 1916 Charles E. Hughes hired Carnegie Hall to make his, and whatever the platform had said was instantly forgotten in the discussion of what Hughes had said.

This year, as usual, the politicians are devoting incredible labor to the anxious task of deciding the "issue"; and this year, as usual, the people are making it without the smallest regard to them. If President Coolidge had not said, "I do not choose to run," the issue would have been the same as it was in 1924. The only question would have been whether the popular reaction to him, as personifying economy and the debunking of government, would have been the same as it was then. If it had been, all the politicians' talk about the oil scandals or anything else would have been as influential with the people as it was then.

Undeterred by their fate in 1924, most of the Democratic intellects believe they can hang the Harding sins on Hoover or Dawes even though they could not hang them, in 1924, on Coolidge. I say Hoover or Dawes because one of those two will be the Republican candidate, unless (which is unlikely) Lowden develops unexpected strength; and in that improbable contingency it must be remembered that Lowden is as clean a man, and as far removed from the oil gang, as Dawes or Hoover.

Senator Reed, whose vision is always illuminated by a tallow candle whatever the subject he is trying to examine, is convinced that the voters can be induced to decide a presidential election by getting them indignant over the large sums contributed to elect Frank L. Smith and William S. Vare to the Senate from Illinois and Pennsylvania. He is making his campaign on his record in investigating these and some more ancient excursions of candidates for the Senate into expensive primaries; and, of course, on oil too.

On the Republican side Senator Borah and Dr. Butler have been resounding for the last year on the necessity of a prohibition or anti-prohibition plank. They are surpassed by the New York World, which has contributed unusual comedy to the canvass by frantically entreating Governor Smith to speak out like a man and state where he stands on the prohibition question. The World is determined to pose as the only thinker in America who does not know where Smith stands on that issue; and it believes much would be gained, and the situation greatly clarified, if he would announce at frequent intervals that he has not changed his mind about it.

If Smith is nominated the issue will be plain. It will be Smith. In 1904—and 1908, too, even though he was not running that year—the issue was Roosevelt. All the frothings of the politicians and the editors and all Bryan's pertinacity in shopping around for attractive issues could not make it anything else. Smith does not resemble him in anything except this, that he is either loved or hated. And, like Roosevelt too, he is loved and hated not for what he has done or omitted to do, but for what he personifies and embodies. There, if Houston does what is expected, is the issue of 1928.

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KENTUCKY'S HOLY LAND

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ONE of the rules of the Trappist abbey where I enjoyed the rare privilege of making a retreat in Holy Week is that the most important members of this singular human race of ours, women, are strictly barred from entrance. They may not even enter the outer cloister where the abbey's inn for visitors and retreat-makers is so charmingly situated, among trees and flowers, green lawns, a symphony of peace orchestrated with bird song and the movement of such winds as may slip over the high walls surrounding the cloister. On great occasions, it is true, the wife of the governor of the state may be, and occasionally has been, admitted within the walls of the abbey itself, and has penetrated the inner cloister on "a personally conducted tour" led by the abbot, who, unlike the members of his silent family, is well accustomed to the ways of the world, and as a conversationalist could scarcely be equaled.

Nevertheless there was one woman who did smash that particular rule, and who not only entered the very innermost cloister of all, but remained there. It is true that she had to die first; but a woman's will, when it is really fixed upon some object of its desire, conquers death itself and employs the grave merely as the gateway for its victory. Towering over the lowly crosses that mark the graves of the Trappists, close under the wall of the chapel in the inner cloister, there is a tall memorial stone, on which you may read: "Sacred to the memory of Anne Miles, relict of John Miles, who died at the age of 83," and the usual tributes to her memory and her virtues.

So far as I can discover, she is one of only two women known to the annals of the Trappists who have won this particular privilege. The only other one I have heard about reposes in the graveyard of a famous abbey in Europe. But Anne Miles, I believe, was, in a truly American fashion, the pioneer of her sex in this special enterprise. Through the first and hardest days of the abbey's existence in what were then the wilds of Kentucky, back in the early fifties, Mistress Anne Miles, a descendant of those sturdy English Catholics whose ancestors came to Maryland in the Ark and the Dove, and later pushed southward and westward into Kentucky, was the unfailing champion and practical support of the little group of Trappist monks and lay brothers from Europe who established, against incredible difficulties, their power-house of prayer, their sanctuary of peace and silence, in this, the very heart of the strange new world of the United States.

She saw that they had something to eat when even their scanty and simple fare had failed them. A great example of those devoted and practically pious women, the chief reliance of all pastors and bishops who have to set up new parishes and dioceses, Mistress Anne Miles played a very vital part in laying the foundations of Our Lady of Gethsemani. I am told that when the abbot of that period was about to go to Rome on important business connected with his foundation, he asked Mistress Miles what title of honor or mark of favor of Holy Mother Church he might bring back to her from the eternal city to this far-off new centre of the Faith amid the wooded hills and green valleys of Kentucky. She astounded him by declaring that she wanted one thing only—the privilege, canonically bestowed and authenticated, of being buried with the brotherhood. Such a smashing of precedent, so drastic a break of tradition, must have quite appalled that abbot; but Anne Miles, of course, finally had her way.

Her name will remain as a shining light on the splendid list of Catholic women whose forbears came to Maryland on the Ark and the Dove, and whose courage and strong, simple yet ardent faith have written a chapter in the history of Catholicism in the new world that ought to be known by heart to all American Catholics; indeed, it should be a dear possession to all Americans, irrespective of their own religious affiliations, who appreciate the heroic and love to remember the high romance of the American pioneers who traced the pathways and laid the first stones of the foundations of this republic.

I have said just above that these women "have written a chapter," and that is true, in so far as, through their deeds and still more through their characters, they wrote certain splendid, imperishable pages in the Book of Life. Otherwise, unfortunately, in the literal sense of the words, their chapter has not been written; only the rough material for their history exists, in such books as A Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky, in Bishop Spalding's sketches of early days in that state, and in scattered books and pamphlets written by the members of the communities of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky, and of the Dominican houses there. In this respect, Kentucky's great traditions suffer as do those of Maryland, from which they stem. But the fire of the Faith which was kindled in Maryland and was carried as a sacred trust into Kentucky, and which from there radiated to so many parts of the new world, still burns in the best of all shrines, namely, the hearts and the souls of the descendants of the English Catholics who brought not only their religious faith but also America's political pearl of great price, religious liberty, to these shores, together with the sons and daughters of the Irish Catholics who followed in the footsteps of their English brothers and sisters. Vocations to the priesthood among the men, and to the religious life among the women, have never failed. Neither has the strong,

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sure, unemotional yet fervent faith which makes the Catholic families of Maryland and Kentucky such bright and perdurable proofs of the human as well as the divine virtues of the Faith.

There has come to me, apropos of a few hasty yet most sincere words previously written on this subject, a letter, which—except for a few words to its recipient too personal to be made public, but which he treasures in his heart—runs as follows:

> Because I am a native of that Kentucky you name so feelingly in your latest article; because I was baptized, received my first Holy Communion, was confirmed and hearkened to the call to religion within the hallowed walls of that old cathedral of Bardstown; because my ancestors came over in the Ark and the Dove, and through dark days of peril, suffering and poverty of early Maryland and Kentucky history kept the Faith and handed it down to their children's children as their most precious heritage; because deep in my heart is a love strong as fire for the beautiful traditions of my old home; and because you have experienced my homesickness for those holy shrines, I write to thank you for your words of high praise of that cradle of Catholicity.

One day during my retreat in Gethsemani Abbey, I made a pilgrimage to another shrine of that neighborhood so rich in great traditions. I tried to hire a motor car from the nearest town to the abbey; but all the available cars were otherwise engaged; so a friend of the abbot's kindly volunteered his services. Stepping into his car, the first thing I noticed was a medallion of Saint Christopher, and I knew that it must be my good fortune to be in the company of one of the descendants of the Catholic pioneers. With him I went to the farm near Hodgenville, seventeen miles from Gethsemani, where Abraham Lincoln was born, and where the little log cabin of his birth is enshrined within a stately and permanent granite palace; the walls of which are graven deeply with those words of Lincoln which will last longer even than the granite because they were written in the souls of his countrymen.

No one to whom human greatness, heroic human virtues, and the deeds wrought by the human will, are precious (those to whom they are not precious are already dead even though their bodies may walk to and fro in the world of mere sense) could help but be profoundly moved in such a spot. How eloquently also it testifies to that instinct to preserve the memories of its heroes and heroines, and to cling to their vivifying stories, which is a mark of humanity wherever humanity is ascending and not descending in the hierarchy of civilization! How such a place explains and justifies, should explanation and justification be considered necessary, one of the most foolishly criticized habits of the Catholic Church, namely, its veneration of its saints and heroes; its universal love and employment of shrines and relics! That a new nation like the United States of America should, above almost every other national effort, strive for the upbuilding of a rich and varied consciousness of its past is one of the most satisfying signs of its virility and of its strength to meet its future problems. It seems to me that American Catholics could do nothing more worthy of themselves, both as Catholics and as Americans, than to emulate their fellow-citizens of other faiths and other traditions, who through the length and breadth of the land have established their historical societies, and have dotted the vast face of the country with statues, tablets and shrines of the great American story. The neglect by Catholics of the traces of the marvelous Catholic achievements in the Mississippi valley, in states like Georgia, Florida, Texas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Arizona, California and, above all, in Maryland, is something that should be heartily repented and quickly atoned for. In a few years, in 1934, the third centennial of the landing of the Ark and the Dove on the shores of Maryland will be—or, rather, should be—celebrated as one of the greatest events in all American history. Catholics must point the way; others cannot be blamed for slighting such an occasion if Catholics, not in any vulgar spirit of boasting or self-glorification, but reverently and in the most generous spirit of American nationalism, do not properly prepare and adequately organize a national celebration.

My visit to Lincoln's shrine was followed by visits to Bardstown cathedral and to Nazareth. Unfortunately the time at my disposal did not permit of the visits I desired to make to Loretto and other spots which have been rendered holy and beautiful by the Catholic pioneers of this frontier of the Faith in old Kentucky.

Nor did I, as I greatly wished to do, mingle with and try to know better the Catholic families out of whom come the priests and nuns who make Nazareth and Loretto and the Louisville diocese—Kentucky's holy land—so fruitful and beautiful.

I did, however, have one charming opportunity to gain at least a glimpse into the psychology of these Kentucky Catholics. One day I was with a man of the neighborhood on one of my trips during which we passed by the dismal ruins of those distilleries which once made Kentucky much more famous, at least in the popular sense, than the more important of its many aspects. And, of course, we discussed prohibition, and also the moonshining which flourishes amid many of these hills and woods. There was a time when all the corn of this part of the country, much more corn, of course, than they raise now, was bought by the distilleries and transformed into that mellow fluid which, like Bliss Carman's celebrated favorite drink, "Andrew Usher, ever blessed, doth comfort us beneath the vest."

"I suppose, however," I remarked, when we had reached the end of those stereotyped remarks which all discussions of prohibition and its evils call forth, "I suppose that one can still get a drink in this part of the world."

"In my town before prohibition there were two

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saloons," said my companion. "Now I personally know nine places where they sell moonshine."

"The trouble about moonshine," I continued, trying to assume the slightly pompous tone of a man of wide experience in such matters, "is that you can't be sure of the quality."

"Oh, but you can with us!" retorted my friend. And then he proceeded to give the following little discourse in which, to my huge delight, I seemed to trace the influence of the logic of the scholastic theologians, mixed with the common sense of a true American mountaineer. "You see," he said, "we figure it this way. For the life of us we can't see that it is morally wrong for us whose forefathers have made whiskey, and made it right, ever'since they started raising corn in Kentucky, to make it now. It is only legally wrong, not morally; so we go right on making it, and take our chances with the law. But"—an emphatic forefinger emphasized the point—"but, if we claim that morally we are right in this view, it puts an obligation in conscience upon us to see that the stuff we make is good stuff. Yes, sir! You can depend upon our whiskey in this part of the country."

And surely I should also try to tell, although it is impossible to tell it in the way it was told to me, the story of the prayer made by a Kentucky Catholic urchin, and its marvelous results.

I met a man who, I had been told, had a very large family, seven or eight fine boys and girls. After we had talked about other things, Governor Smith's candidacy in particular (Governor Smith is going to carry the border states triumphantly, according to my informant and many others, and also is going to sweep the whole country!) I politely inquired about his family.

"Would you like to see a picture of my family?"

"Indeed, yes."

He produced a large photograph, and I hope I successfully concealed my astonishment. There were fourteen children grouped around the sturdy and still young father and mother. In the arms of the mother were twin boys. The rest of them went up like a stepladder toward the tall figure of the father.

"Queer thing, about the twins," he told me. "There never have been twins either on my side or my wife's side, as far back as family memories go, and that is a long time, for they go back past the landing of the Ark and the Dove in 1634, to our English records. A few years ago I was planning to go to Rome for the Jubilee, but one fine day I was told that there was to be an addition to the family. However, my wife and I decided that, as such an event was not very strange for us, and as her health was splendid, as usual, that I would be able to make the trip. On the day she gave me the news, which nobody else knew about, this boy"—a finger touched a fine-looking lad of eleven or twelve in the photograph—"said to his mother: 'Ma, I want you to let me out to go to church.' It was raining hard and the request rather startled my wife. Francis is a good boy enough, but does not make a habit of running to church at times when he doesn't have to do so. However he begged so earnestly that at last she let him go. On his return, being very curious, she pressed him to tell why.

" 'Well,' at last he said, 'I think this family has got too many girls. There are only seven boys, Ma, and if we had two more we could make up a baseball nine, and we would save time if they came along as twins. So I lit a candle to Saint Joseph and told him to send those twins.'

"And there they are," said the father, "not quite ready to play ball yet, but on their way. But I didn't get to Rome, because twins were not in the bargain I had made with my wife."

But prayer was a force which this Kentucky family, like so many others, was familiar with, in all its ranges, from the intense, concentrated stream that wells forth from Gethsemani Abbey, to the gentle, cadenced, choir-like evening rosary which for centuries such families have repeated together. A sister of Francis entered a Carmelite convent, thus carrying on the tradition established more than a century before our Revolution by the daughters of Maryland who went across the seas to Antwerp, to the Carmel established there by Anne of Saint Bartholomew, that valiant companion of great Teresa of Avila, Teresa of the flaming heart. From these American daughters of desire came the group which answered the call of the first American native bishop, Carroll, of Maryland, who, as I have written before, made his first official act this summoning of the priestess of the inner fires of prayer to minister to the infant Church in America.

Space, which like time itself, is so arbitrary and fleeting, fails me here to relate even the slightest sketch of that high history of spiritual and human heroism which belongs to Catholic Kentucky; starred with such names as Father Badin (the first priest ordained in the United States) Bishop Flaget and Bishop David, three of those quintessential churchmen who, like so many others in that dawn of the Republic, came from that "eldest daughter of the Church," the missionary land par excellence, Catholic France, and erected Bardstown diocese; and with such names as Bishop Spalding and Archbishop Elder, and scores of priests and nuns and laymen and laywomen; from which, in a log cabin humbler even than the one at Hodgenville, where Lincoln was born, sprang that great congregation of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, now nation-wide, who began their ministrations to the sick and the wounded and the young and old at the time when their fathers and brothers, Isaac Shelby's sharpshooters, were battling under Perry at Lake Erie, in the War of 1812.

A friendly critic has referred to the present writer as one who takes chiefly "a literary interest in American history." Well, if by literary is meant, as the word means with me, something living, something more useful than a collection of dates and treaties and names,

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I fully admit the charge. Would that Kentucky and Maryland's history might be made literary, in a similar sense! If this present footnote to such an imaginary history does nothing more than indicate the presence of these splendid and neglected themes, I shall be richly rewarded for the slight labor of its composition. For truth is not merely a matter of fact. Truth is the spirit which underlies all appearances and is revealed in deeds and works; truth is a hidden force, and facts are but modes of its operations: outward signs which express the inward life. Facts are indeed the bone and sinew of the body of history, while legends and even fables that are not mere inventions, but rather are symbols, may mingle influences in the blood of this body which will give color and animation and beauty and charm to its countenance. Kentucky waits, as does its mother, Maryland, like the sisters of another blood, California, and the Mississippi valley, for its historian. For Catholics to neglect or forget their ancestors is as bad as it is for families to forget their forefathers and lose touch with the traditions of their race. Only parvenus, foolishly ashamed of humble origins, behave like that; and they deceive nobody by doing so. And American Catholics are not parvenus—certainly as Catholics they are not. They are the aristocrats of American history. Their faith is the very mainspring of that history. So, I say, Kentucky and Maryland and California await their historian. Even more do they await the ballad singer, the painter, the playwright—and the saint.

A JAPANESE MEMORY

By MARGARET K. RUSSELL

(The following paper, which commemorates the unusual circumstances under which May-day was observed in Tokio a year ago, was written after the event and has been reserved for publication until the anniversary of the festivity which it describes. —The Editors.)

IT IS May-day in Japan. For a few brief weeks the drabness and dinginess of Tokio will be hidden beneath fallen cherry blossoms, azalea and twining wisteria, and for a little while the Japanese will throw aside the burden of their almost hopeless struggle for existence and become the gay people the tourist guidebooks would have us believe they are at all times.

Times are hard just now. There are rumors of harder times to come. The country is under a moratorium, business is at a standstill, the price of rice is high, and underneath the springtime gaiety there is a vague undercurrent of uneasiness. The little Church of the Sacred Heart at Kasumi-cho is, by contrast, a haven of bounty and of hope this morning, and the venerable pastor, Father Ernest Augustine Tulpin, missionary apostolic from far France, at solemn High Mass is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in Japan, the embodiment of that Rock upon which the Church was built.

The Sacred Heart bells, ringing out over Azabu and sounding faintly into the Akasaka district, tell all that it is a gala day for the church where Father Tulpin has served for twenty years. Through stress and storm of former times, through the rice riots of 1916, when famine stalked through the land, through the great earthquake of September 1, 1923, when thousands upon thousands were killed, it was Father Tulpin who had been the greatest source of comfort to his sorrowing flock. The district of Azabu is large and out from many streets crowds in holiday attire hurry toward the grey stone church, the clack-clack of the native geta, or wooden clogs, resounding on the rough stones, those guillotines to foreign shoes. High-powered and costly motor cars are drawn up before the church, for the Sacred Heart is the only place of worship convenient to Catholic foreigners, and members of the diplomatic corps walk with stately tread through the flower-decked garden and enter the high wooden doors, in sombre contrast to the bevy of butterfly Japanese girls and young women, who, with modestly downcast faces and mincing steps, stop at the door for a brief second to adjust lacy white veils over their elaborate coiffures. It is only the ultra-modern Japanese woman, dressed in foreign clothes, who wears a hat.

Count Della Torre de Lavagna, the Italian ambassador, nearing three score years and ten, accompanied by the Countess and their two daughters, walks to the front pew on the left side of the church. Right behind him sits Signor A. Cottafavi, of the court of Mussolini, stalwart, young, comrade of D'Annunzio at Fiume, and the personification of the tenets of the Facismo. The Belgian ambassador, M. Albert de Bassompierre, occupies the first pew on the right. M. Claudel is not present to receive the blessing of his good friend and former pastor, but no doubt he remembers this anniversary of his countryman though far away in Washington, his new diplomatic post.

It is not yet 9:30, but the church is crowded to the doors. The sanctuary is blanketed with flowers, masses of azalea, of camellias and of cherry blossoms. The jagged cracks reaching from ceiling to floor, telling of the awful wrenches which the little structure withstood when the great earthquake of 1923 rocked its walls, are almost hidden beneath the blooms. Our Lady's altar is resplendent.

With the exception of small pews on either side, the entire nave is arranged for the Japanese congregation, and on the broad expanse of straw matting hundreds kneel, the men on one side, the women on the other. At the back of the church stands the lay catechist, her greying hair gathered at the back of her head in a

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tight knot, her hands hidden in the sleeves of her dark brown silk kimono. When the Mass begins, she will recite the ordinary, and the congregation will respond.

There is a hush as Monsignor M. Giardini, apostolic delegate to Japan, with mitred head and carrying his golden, crooked staff, enters the sanctuary accompanied by his two assistants, and takes his place at the left of the altar. Mothers lift the smaller children on high so that they may see the great Father whom His Holiness, the Pope, sends as his emissary. The bells ring three times and Father Tulpin, clad in vestments of gold cloth, comes upon the altar.

The thrill of joy which runs through the church is reflected on every face. A prayer goes toward heaven from every heart for this beloved pastor, now seventy-four years old, who has given his life to Japan. He stands at the foot of the altar steps, honored and loved by all who know him, his snow-white beard descending almost to his waist, his deep brown eyes full of kindliness and misty with love of his service.

The Mass begins. The catechist recites the Confiteor in Japanese, and the congregation takes up the response. The gospel is read. The priest turns to address his people in their own tongue. "Ju go nen mae. . . ." Again and again he repeats the phrase. "Ju go nen mae. . . ." "Fifty years ago. . ."

Fifty years ago Father Tulpin embarked from Marseilles for the Orient and for fifty years he has remained among the Japanese, never once having left their shores. Born in the diocese of Langres, France, in 1853, he was ordained a priest on the feast of the Apostle Saint Mathias, on February 24, 1877. In the spring of that same year he left his birthplace and his country, to which he will never return. Fifty years of labor among the Japanese in their native land is not synonymous with a half-century of sojourning in a land of sunshine, of cherry-blossoms, of a gay, dainty people, but of an exile beset with vicissitudes, of battling against superstition and ignorance, of facing the greatest natural calamities any country has had to endure. Fifty years ago, in spite of the tolerance of the great Emperor Meiji, followers of Christ were not in favor in the Japanese empire. Distorted tales of the early Jesuits in Japan, the truth mangled beyond recognition, had been handed down through generations and it was only leaders like Father Tulpin who were able to blaze their way to the religious freedom enjoyed today.

After spending nine years in Tokio and in Akita, one of the northern provinces, Father Tulpin went to Nagoya, where he founded an asylum for the aged. Nagoya, that picturesque old town in the Kwansai, has long been famous in the Catholic history of Japan. When in 1859 Perry and his Black Ships demanded that isolated Japan relinquish her solitude, it was in Nagoya that a band of 3,700 persons came to the missionary sent out by the Vatican and revealed that for nearly three hundred years the teachings of the Church had been secretly handed down from father to son, and that in the face of persecution and death they had kept alive the flame of the Faith given to their forefathers by Saint Francis Xavier.

Father Tulpin returned to Tokio in 1907, and since that time has toiled through the overpowering heat of the city's summers and the bitterness of its winters, never leaving his church. He may be seen every day walking through the streets of Azabu, his worn cassock flapping in the breeze, his black biretta enhancing the whiteness of his beard.

"Ju go nen mae. . . ." And now he asks God's blessing on his faithful and loyal flock and turns again to the altar. Communion time comes. The devout stream of persons, of high and low degree, to the altar rail seems endless.

"Ite missa est!" Again one is impressed by the gloriousness of his voice. He leaves the sanctuary. Not a sound breaks the stillness as he walks out. Again there is a silent prayer for additional years of Father Tulpin's guidance, and the whole congregation streams out into the garden where, in colorful Japanese fashion, a reception is to be held.

Villancico

Sung in Honor of the Blessed Virgin in Mexico, 1685

Behold where in triumph
The Empress on high
Wafts over the zephyrs
Of radiant sky!
Behold how she brightens
The soft seas of air
On her cloud-banks of gold,
Pearl and crimsonings rare!
'Neath her footsteps of beauty
Are gladly bespread
The throning of stars
And blue fields for her tread.
And her tresses are stirring
In glorious sway
Like a cresting of Ophir's
Gold banners at play.
Undaunted the panoply
Spreads to invade
The world realms of marble—
The world gulfs of jade.
'Tis here that the noontide
Learned flame to beguile,
The stars how to glitter,
The dawns how to smile.
Let us to this glory
In hymning ascend:
It has shone without blemish,
May it shine without end!

ESTRIBILLO

Let our voices together
Implore it to fill
The dark fold where we gather
To pray for it still.

Translated from the Spanish of Sister Juan Inés de la Cruz (1651-1695) by THOMAS WALSH.

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A CENTURY OF SCHUBERT

By MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

WHEN Count Esterhazy left Vienna with his family in 1818 to spend the summer on his Hungarian estate at Zselész on the Waag, he took along a very earnest young man whom he had just engaged as music teacher for his children. It was a rich golden summer of sun and wind, with picnics in the meadows and excursions over the hills, and it marked a significant change in the young pianoforte master's fortunes. Yet the happy surroundings of the villa hardly made up for the loss of his friends in town. Timid and self-conscious, he was shy of the aristocratic company in the drawing-room and turned instead to the kitchens, where he found among the maids and gardeners more congenial pastimes. The Count and his family were kind enough; they had given to an obscure musician his first comfortable living and opened up to him their pleasant world. But their patronage did not include the one kind of friendship he understood fully. In the solitude which only he and his kind can know, the young tutor turned to another companion, a secret mistress who had given herself to him wholly from his boyhood. He wrote to a friend in Vienna:

> No one here cares for true art, unless it be now and then the Countess; so I am left along with my beloved, and have to hide her in my room, or my piano, or my own breast. If this often makes me sad, on the other hand, it often elevates me all the more.

Breaking off from the passion of this confidence, he added in a more casual, practical vein: "Several songs have lately come into existence, and I hope very successful ones."

This is the character of Schubert in the history of music. He is at once the poet of inexhaustible melody and the tireless, industrious worker. He was one of those few real companions of the immortals who live and work a little while on earth, shrinking away from easy self-confident men of the world, and even in Beethoven's presence finding himself fumbling and speechless. He had a fountain of song in his heart and became the mouthpiece of a high enchantment, but he did not sing in idleness or woo his mistress only in his dreams. Into his brief life he crowded an enormous achievement, producing with patience and yet with restless enthusiasm a prodigious body of music. His ecstasy went hand in hand with a remarkable industry: "Several songs have lately come into existence, and I hope very successful ones."

In the century which has now followed Schubert's death in 1828, music has profited by the remarkable development whose climax came in his own period. He must always be included, along with Bach and Mozart and Beethoven, in that high company which saw modern music come into being. The perfection of modern instruments, the formulations of the laws of harmony and orchestration and the definition of forms were supervised by them. The central greatness of Bach lay in his supreme comprehension of the classical ideal and of the laws of the musical instrument. Out of that understanding his mastery grew, so that every composer who followed (as Stravinsky in his latest work has demonstrated again) had to acknowledge in Bach a sort of law-giver who formulated the practices of his ancestors and passed on the codes which were to rule his followers.

It was Mozart's task to reconcile the classical limitations with the demands of a freer spirit represented by the poetic imagination. Like Racine in the drama, he brought to the clear smooth style of the classicists a new understanding of that style's uses, particularly in presenting unsuspected ranges of feeling and depths of sensation. He profited by the development of operatic devices which came after Monteverdi's Orfeo, and in Don Giovanni he showed all Europe the possibilities of the modern orchestral equipment, with the almost unlimited range of contrasts it could cover. When Beethoven came with his profounder human insight, he was able to build higher and mightier structures because of what Mozart had done.

Acknowledging first of all the authority of the ideal of experience, he asserted for music the dominance of emotional truth over convention. Music, for him, had to rise completely above the artificial limitations if it was to become a universal expression of the life of man. The austere symmetry of Lully, Vivaldi and Couperin, and the showy ornamentation of Auber and Offenbach had to wear themselves out before Beethoven's symphonies were universally accepted. By ranging over the depths and summits of life, they include within their mighty structures all that beauty and meaning which makes music the most universal of the arts, and thus it is that Beethoven stands out as a focal point in its history.

Near him stands Schubert who, in his 600 songs and his many orchestral and instrumental pieces, left little for the free, romantic imagination of the musician to explore. Great romanticists were to follow, but they went beyond Schubert only by extending his technical practice. Neither Brahms in his symphonies nor Wagner in his music-dramas was to open up new resources in harmony, even though both went farther in developing the psychological and realistic methods which show the transition toward contemporary music.

In its extent, Schubert's work appals the student. There was apparently no limit to the fertility of his imagination. Even the prodigal resources of Chopin

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seem limited when contrasted with the quantity of important work turned out by Schubert in a space of twelve years. Symphonies, sonatas, sonatinas, masses, écossaises, chamber suites, divertissements, songs, operas and singspiele came from his pen, all remarkable for regular beauty and ingenuity. Filled with a buoyant enthusiasm and an unfailing delight in life with its adventures, the songs override the mediocre poems which often inspired them. They clothe the shallow sentiments of Mayrhofer or the noisy eloquence of Ossian or Bertrand with melodies as exquisite as those evoked by the lyrics of Shakespeare or Goethe.

The exacting requirements of present-day operatic presentation have allowed his operas—Alfonso und Estrella, Rosamunde, Fierabras—to lie forgotten, but in them may be found along with execrable librettos a dramatic music of surprising variety. The vigorous beauty of the songs allows for the use of many obvious devices. The wheel whirls all through Gretchen am Spinnrade, the wind blows and hooves thunder until Erlkönig comes to its tragic close, and Der Tauscher is an elaborate essay in melodrama. Such extensive use of descriptive methods by Berlioz or even Grieg would have failed to justify itself, but here it defines a lasting standard. In the greater instrumental works, the technical failings are overcome by superb transitions and contrasts, ingenious modulations and endless thematic diversity. Schubert never passed through a thorough apprenticeship and his work is not the completest source-book on counterpoint and form. His finest symphonies—the seventh and the ninth—lack the massive proportions and the architectural logic of Beethoven's. But they are saved by a supreme vitality and a surprising flexibility of treatment, and by a clear spiritual eloquence which seldom fails.

A store of anecdotes exists to show how spontaneously Schubert wrote his music. An entire opera, Die Zauberharfe, was written in a fortnight for a régisseur who wished to match a rival's success with Die Zwillingsbrüder. Hark, Hark, the Lark, with its enchanting phrases of ecstasy, was written extemporaneously on a tavern-menu during a holiday at Währings, with noise and confusion all around. And every morning Schubert worked steadily from seven until two, beginning a new quartette as soon as a new sonata was finished. Such accounts of industry help make his fecundity plausible, but they do not go very far in explaining his supreme gift for melody, the great mark of his genius. He was a free, lyric poet who neglected the text-book because its dusty laws had little to show him. The tributes of Beethoven on his death-bed ("Truly Schubert has the divine fire in him") and Schumann ("Everything he touched turned into music") still set the pattern for the recognition and praises we extend him today.

The last two generations have seen music developing along lines hardly dreamed of by those masters. The realistic motives of Wagner called forth heated controversies and long debate, only to become in time conventional themselves, and the scorn of experimental modernists who, out of curiosity, turn to Bach or Couperin without ever forgetting entirely the cues Wagner gave them. Romanticism passed from Chopin and Mendelssohn to Tchaikowsky and Grieg, and from them to a line of facile operatic composers who remain in power today. The Russians, notably Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, expanded conventional rhythms and altered tonalities, thus opening up newer possibilities of expression. Impressionism came with its violence of classical forms and its disregard for the fundamental requisites of tone and scale, and produced a master in Debussy. Richard Strauss, demanding an orchestral scope which almost rivaled the wildest dreams of Berlioz, produced his subtle analysis of theme and applied anew the psychological methods which had appeared in The Ring. Further independence in technique and subject matter was asserted by Schoenberg and Stravinsky.

Folk elements were revived as the material of new experiment, as in the case of Vaughan William's work in England, where the facile dissonances of Cyril Scott soon gave way to the sterner poetry of Arnold Bax and John Ireland. In Italy Casella and Respighi have militated against the flowering melodies of Verdi and Puccini. In France, Russia and Spain, the adventurous spirit has been best represented by Ravel, Prokofieff and de Falla; and in America the painfully academic strictures have been relaxed enough to produce one distinctive talent in Charles Griffes while our later hopes are pinned to the movement of contemporary life, to negro rhythms, popular song and jazz, to the researches of Percy Grainger and Leo Sowerby or the ingenuity of George Gershwin and John Alden Carpenter.

All these developments take us a long way from Schubert in Vienna during the golden age of music. Experiment has opened all sorts of new possibilities and the technical license as well as the thematic scope of the composer has been significantly broadened. But Schubert can still tell us much about our own age's music. His generous inspiration, his singleness and sincerity of purpose and his unlabored fertility may give us some sort of perspective in judging the music now being written with such varied motives. Music depends for its universality and permanence on something like the essential joy of living he possessed, the instinct for emotional truth in all its happy or tragic aspects. With all our fondness for analysis and sophistication, Schubert is still close to us in spirit, not removed by chill classical deportment or ponderous weight. We respond to his songs because he wrote for all our hearts. Among the strange confusions and contradictions of so much modern art, his work—a whole century after—is still one of our surest guides to truth and genius in music.

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TOWARD WORLD PEACE

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

EVERY organization whose purpose is to influence public opinion must, if its membership is both intelligent and honest, face squarely the fact that it is beset by dangers from inside as well as out. It can with equal ease become a fanatical and partisan group of theorists or a docile following of some clever person or dominating leader who will use its numerical showing to give force to his own views and insure their hearing by those who are impressed by mere numbers.

If such an organization happens to be composed of Catholics and proposes to operate in the United States, it may expect certain particular and peculiar difficulties in addition to those common to all such groups. In Europe, where people are used to Catholics from the fact that everyone, whether he likes it or not, somewhere in his ancestry has been one, no intelligent person assumes that when a Catholic or a group of Catholics voices an opinion, the voice is merely an organ pipe, and the wind which produces it blows from the Vatican.

In our own country there is a tendency to believe that way, a tendency so irksome to some Catholics that they react to it by grotesque assurances that they would be the first to resist any such attempt on the part of a Pope, or "would shoot him" if he landed on these shores with hostile intent. There is no great choice between these two mentalities, but the fact that they exist adds certainly to the troubles of any opinion-forming association composed of Catholics.

In spite of difficulties, common and particular, however, the second annual meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace, held recently at Washington, warrants the conviction that it has passed the experimental state and is now organized and permanent as a body able to express thought on its manifold objectives fully consonant with Catholic doctrine and acceptable also to otherwise sound thinkers who do not accept the Catholic Church itself.

One of the most hopeful indications of success for this Association is the strong divergence of opinion within its ranks which ensures any action taken being a majority expression. It has seemed to the majority that in order to exercise any influence whatever upon international relations, one must begin from the very foundations.

The principal permanent committee formed was, therefore, a committee on international ethics, whose report has been published. Next came a report on general causes of international enmity and one on the machinery of arbitration, conciliation and avoidance of war.

With great caution committees are studying specifically the relations of the United States with other peoples, in the light of truth, justice and charity, with the realization that the exact truth is the most difficult of all measures to establish, and acknowledgment of the difficulty shared with other similar organizations: that very few of its members have ever been called upon as responsible public officials to solve the problems now under analysis—in other words, to fit to practical decisions of the day and hour ethical principles which are not difficult of recognition in the abstract.

It has seemed, apparently, to a majority of the membership present at the recent meeting that the immediate rôle of this association should not be condemnatory of any policy or practice of a particular government or people, but rather analytical and informative of facts.

It is realized that governmental or national policies are formulated and put in being by men, and that men, acting in entire good faith and to the best of their knowledge and belief, may perform public acts of which the later consequences may be in the highest degree undesirable.

That attitude was not altogether pleasing to some members, as being too vague and even "negative." Nevertheless, the majority held at this meeting to a present and preliminary policy of clarification rather than direct action, in the belief that no matter how strongly an individual or a group of people may hold to an opinion or a conviction, it is not necessarily a "Catholic" conviction or opinion.

One of the most important reports to the second annual meeting was that of the Committee on Education for Peace, in which was discussed the possibility of such education with avoidance of the pitfalls of narrow "indoctrination." Again, a discussion of difficulties, but, to the dispassionate observer, a wise preliminary.

Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, of Columbia University was unanimously elected president of the Association to succeed the first elected president, Judge Manton of New York, retiring.

Catholics in numerical strength are entering the arena of national politics for the first time since the individual influence of Catholics of distinction was felt in colonial days and the early decades of the republic. Such an association as this can be of the greatest possible value. Filling a real need and soberly conducted, there should be no doubt of its permanency and success.

The River

She is a furious girl racing the wind,
Singing rich, earthly music and leaping
Like a silver flame across old trees
Where brown water-spiders are sleeping.

She is compassionate mistress to the mountain,
Secret lover of the strident buckwheat;
The green snake chuckles in her bright hair
And rocks cry out for her cool feet.

Her lips discover the small valley flowers,
Sending words through their roots to the bee:
And suddenly, like a child grown thoughtful,
She runs down to the grey sea.

S. BERT COOKSLEY.

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COMMUNICATIONS

EUROPE'S SPIRITUAL DILEMMA

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Europe's Spiritual Dilemma, by Henri Massis, in The Commonweal for January 25, suggests to me the following practical considerations:

A universal systematic philosophy is the crying need of the age. In the past, systems of thought that became widespread and enduring, however erroneous, have for better or worse shaped all the great civilizations of mankind.

Fatalism, for instance, has been for many centuries, and still is, the keynote of Moslem conquest. The conception of an absolute predestination by Allah of the thoughts and actions of all angels and men, and of the movements of organic and inorganic matter in the whole universe has a terrible fascination for those who desire to believe what is not revealed to the angels in paradise.

Again, the inherited Greco-Roman Christian civilization of the western world may be as much imperiled through Russian Bolshevism, or by a still older and more widespread Asiatic thought, as it has been in the past by the aggressions of Saracens and Turks, because it is sustained by a systematic philosophy with premises as deadly to Christian theism and personal immortality as its method is logical. To the western mind it is deep, overloaded with asceticism, utterly incomprehensible and hopelessly pessimistic.

Furthermore, Catholicism fortified by Boethius and the scholastics has analyzed finite being as concretely obvious to the senses and by mental abstraction has established definite, universal ideas corresponding to the results of sense experience.

Through a chain of secondary causes, otherwise inexplicable, it infers the necessity of a First, Self-existing Cause; and reaches the goal of wisdom through the indubitable conclusion that God and the immortality of the soul are knowable by the light of reason.

Yes—it must be admitted that Catholicism has the best system of thought ever invented by man, but these philosophical conclusions have never been confused by the Church with the dogmas of revelation.

Now let us consider how systematic philosophy manifests itself in the secular, scientific, social and industrial life of our day. Ours, from the radical standpoint, is a purely secular epoch; free thought, free speech are its magic words; democratic mass action can, it thinks, and must, solve all of the problems of humanity; a civil constitution is called by it an intransigent philosophy, blocking progress, inimical to ever-changing public opinion because it was framed by the cultured élite and the captains of industry and trade to deprive their less fortunate dependents of a fair share of the benefits mutually acquired. What are these ideas but a group of ignorant fallacies which common sense quickly dispels? When analyzed they prove to be only plausibly disguised absurdities.

Unfortunately, also, modernistic religious conceptions, while claiming to be spiritual, often become purely naturalistic by their subservience to scientific theories which contradict all supernatural facts.

A new morality subversive of the natural and divine law of chastity is also spreading among the younger generations with frightful rapidity; impurity more than any other vice has, as history shows, destroyed families, races and nations; yet organized Protestantism refuses to join Catholicism in its warfare against onanism. The faculty of a prominent Protestant theological seminary have recently permitted professional propagandists of birth control to lecture to its divinity students; yet in the same institution the dry law is held to be obligatory in conscience; other clerical associations in the Middle-West have solemnly denounced the crime of bootlegging cigarettes into Kansas. These are only examples of what religion becomes when not ballasted by a systematic philosophy and theology.

We have seen the need of a systematic philosophy in religion and civics and we should not overlook the great service it may render to the physical sciences. The greatest of all questions that scientists are trying to settle is: what is theory and what is fact? Now philosophy accurately defines certainty as the mind apprehends it, i.e., as purely metaphysical (such as the ideas of absolute and contingent) physical (such as chemical formulae) and moral (such as the indisputable facts of history). Probability is also judged by the evidence attainable and is properly designated as probable, equi-probable, more probable, less probable and faintly probable.

Negation denotes the absence of all evidence.

How many futile misunderstandings and conflicts would be avoided if these safe and sane rules were strictly followed.

In conclusion I affirm the need of the sound philosophy of common sense for the attainment of all wisdom.

REV. HENRY H. WYMAN, C.S.P.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

St. Cloud, Minn.

TO the Editor:—A contribution to The Commonweal contains the question, "Why do some good Catholics favor alcohol and despise prohibition?"

It seems to me that it is time that those of us who are "wet," so-called, came out boldly and let the world know that we do not favor alcohol, nor do we despise prohibition when rightly used, that is, by each individual in his own case. We are opposed to the present conditions in this country under the Volstead amendment because we honestly feel that there is more drinking than ever before and that the only way that the use of alcohol can be reduced is by a change in the present law.

I should like to ask the "drys" one question: On which side are the bootleggers going to be, for continuation of present conditions, or a return to some plan of regulated sale of liquor? Certainly if there were a popular vote on the question, every one of them would vote "dry," in order that their illegal profits might continue. Not liking this company, I prefer to vote "wet," that is, for a condition that will, as a federal judge said recently, take the profit out of bootlegging, in order that we may be rid of it. Certainly it did not exist under the old régime, and is ten times worse than anything that did exist then.

This isn't an argument against the present prohibition law—I haven't space for the many points that I would want to bring up; it is rather meant merely as a statement that a lot of "good Catholics" (I trust I am such) do honestly and sincerely intend to vote "wet" this year—since there seems no better name for it now—because we don't see any other way to get rid of the many terrible evils that have followed in the wake of the so-called "dry law."

A CATHOLIC WOMAN.

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POEMS

Dorothy in Heaven

I saw her on the Boulevard
Sitting beneath the tree
Whereon do grow twelve sorts of fruits
That taste so curiously.

I heard her quiet voice essay
The strange, celestial speech,
Whereat the angel-waiters set
Celestial drinks in reach.

I saw her near the jeweled gate
Gently inquire her way,
If one could show God's house to her
Wherein to kneel and pray?

I saw her buy a little book
From off a heavenly stall,
Nor was it sealed with seven seals—
It was not sealed at all.

But readily she opened it
Upon dear, happy words;
And walking on, she spoke aloud
Sounds lovelier than birds.

And later, in a little skiff,
Upon the Sea of Glass,
She floated by entrancedly,
And never saw me pass.

AGNES LOUISE DEAN.

Answer

She sings among the pots and pans
Because her sonnet lines she scans,

And dimples as she wrings out clothes
Thinking out subjects for rondeaux;

As she the dinner table sets,
These sometimes turn out triolets.

But snared by inspiration's spells
They lengthen into villanelles.

Her heart's a song life can't suppress,
Because she is a poetess.

CHARLOTTE EATON.

Via Crucis

I linger on the path once trod
By weary, wounded feet;
The road, a scar—as yet no sod,
Has made it new and sweet.
And here no living green has part,
No flower has ever blown—
For once that way there passed a Heart,
Whose hurt no man hath known.

MARIE SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

Perennial of the Spring

I will come back, I give my word,
Before the draperies of night
Are drawn—but did you see that bird

Swinging on strands of golden light
Fastened somewhere in the blue, blue. . .
Up near the spring girl, on the height,

Gowned in a cloud of nameless hue,
Wide hat ribboned about her throat,
Jonquils strapping on her shoe,

Violet-girdled—Hear that note
Rippling down like a waterfall!—
Gleaming scarf and hair afloat,

She is flinging the great sun ball—
While I follow, watch it spin,
I will not forget one wall. . .

Palest silver, purled and thin,
Widening to a plunge of blue,
Frosty-sweet on petal skin—

Little rounded heads thrust through
Dusky loam flushed warm by noon
Shall not keep my heart from you!

It will drift back soon, soon,
As the drowsy bumbler flies,
Back with the budding moon, moon,

The bright perennial of the skies,
To the dear dark blossoms of your eyes.

POWER DALTON.

Wet Asphalt

Under the soft night rain, the jet black asphalt
  Heaves like a tropic sea with leisurely waves,
Through which a keel is cleaving, sucking upward
  Rainbows long drowned near glimmering coral caves.

Suddenly, tangled with weeds from reefs of coral,
  Like splintered jewels of Ind, where the tide swells,
A coiling, fabulous dragon upheaves and dazzles
  With scales of iridescence and glaucous shells!

LOUIS GINSBERG.

Jeweled Miniature

An iridescent lizard darted through
  The dewy valley of a leaf;
The humming-bird, electric on the blue,
  Stayed for a time almost as brief.
A silver cobweb ladder glistened up
  A jade stem to the blush of clover;
A dewdrop slid into a flower-cup
  And it ran over.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Him

THIS play is in parts the most affected, and in parts the most sincere and pointed writing ever done by that jester of modern literature who signs his name without capitals as—e. e. cummings. It is pure absurdity to say that Him has no substance and is simply incurable fun, or that no one can hope to understand it. In its attempts to be bizarre, disconnected, irrevelant, or, at times, filthy, it is pure affectation. But when it follows the fortunes of a girl wedded to reality through feeling, and of a man whose only approach to life is through thought and fantasy, it touches a real height of dramatic integrity and force. And in all its moments you can see behind it a definite and clear pattern of Mr. Cummings's own mind as it strives occasionally to meet the real problems of life and then falls back instead, lazily enough, on banter, nonsense and impertinence.

There is, after all, an interesting key to many of the ultra-modernistic efforts which choose to call themselves experiments in the fourth dimension and the like. They generally resolve themselves into a statement in dramatic terms of a very definite, even though involved, struggle in the author's own mind. It is a curious fact that almost any creative writing, even in the older dramatic forms, becomes a revelation of the author in which various sides or impulses of his own nature are represented by characters on the stage. When we say, for example, that Shakespeare was an extraordinarily versatile writer who showed an understanding of such opposite characters as Hamlet, Othello and Falstaff, we are really only admitting that Shakespeare had all of these possibilities in his own mind. His everyday character and contact with other human beings might not reveal this, but the mere fact that an author can sink sufficiently into a character to endow it with life shows that he has enough of that character's tendencies at least to understand him and appreciate his motivations and to bring about his logical performance of certain definite and revealing things when a crisis comes.

If, then, you have the patience to take a play like Him and pull it gently apart, you will find that although the characters are not labeled as they were in the old morality plays, Pride, Lust, Virtue, etc., they do most distinctly represent the main qualities struggling within one human mind for mastery. Where that mind happens to be involved and muddled, the play itself is equally involved and muddled and generally has no clear outcome.

Admittedly, this is not supposed to be the sport of audiences in theatres. They come to be reasonably amused, entertained and enthralled, and not to sit as a jury in a mental court room. But if one must be confronted with these exhibitions and exposures of a modern author's mind, then at least it is worth while realizing that the whole amazing pageant is not entirely and maliciously without meaning. The chief defect of Mr. Cummings's work is its lack of spontaneity in the more or less mad passages. Occasionally he throws in an irrelevant and delightful line such as this: "Treat husbands like dirt, and they produce flowers." That is perhaps a worthy epigram by itself. But the way it is brought in is thoroughly self-conscious. If you want to catch the full perversity of much of this effort, just imagine that when you meet a friend on the street and say, "Fine day, isn't it?" he answers you by saying, "Searching for eels and pollywogs in trees certainly demonstrates the emotions of the fourth dimensional elephant!" This is not a bit less extreme than many of the passages which one encounters while sitting through a performance of Him.

On the other hand, as I say, the scenes alone between the poet and the girl are fairly straightforward, at times throbbing with a deep searching quality as the two try to meet across an impossible gulf, and filled with all the inherent drama of frustration. No small part of this feeling is due to the lovely and almost haunting acting of Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore, and to the slightly less skilful but quite sincere work of William S. Johnstone. The Doctor is also well acted by Lawrence Bolton—a character that appears in all the fantasy scenes and leads to the natural conclusion that most of the play, no matter how it attempts to throw you off the track by absurdities, exposes the curious state of mind of a patient undergoing a mental analysis. In so far, then, as Mr. Cummings is one of the conspicuous leaders of the bizarre battalion, Him, as a human-interest document, is of no small importance. It contains beauty, nonsense, filth and the pretense of insanity in about equal proportions. And in all these reflections, it is worth bearing in mind that Mr. Cummings was once an artist of the pen who could submit himself to the stern discipline of writing very lovely sonnets in the most orthodox forms.

Forbidden Roads

THIS play is an adaptation by Roland Oliver from a Spanish play by Jose Lopez Pinillos. It has in it moments of considerable dramatic intensity, although sometimes the machinery of the so-called "well-constructed play" creaks rather badly, particularly when it attempts the old job, which even Ibsen succeeded in doing none too well in Ghosts, of having two generations repeat the same misdeeds and the same temptations.

The rather unfortunate dialogue of Mr. Oliver's translation may have something to do with this effect of artificiality. It is an insensitive and uninspired dialogue quite unworthy of the really fine thoughts and motives behind it. Forbidden Roads is a play that represents growth in understanding of human trials, and that is all too rare a quality in the modern theatre. It is summed up when the wife says "I looked for happiness where I had no earthly business to find it—I didn't realize that happiness means sacrificing ourselves to keep others from suffering." And yet, as I say, much of this takes on the heaviness of a sermon when it is not merely tiresomely commonplace.

The play very nearly approaches distinction through the restrained and tense acting of Judith Vosselli as the wife. The final curtain is, unfortunately, so badly handled as to break the illusion which has been carefully built up during most of the last act. (At the Liberty Theatre.)

Box Seats

THIS play makes something of an effort to restate, in the terms of a third-rate vaudeville actress, the story of Pinero's The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. In other words, a mother who has been quite indiscriminate in her affections before and since the death of her husband discovers, about the middle of the play, that her daughter, now grown up, wishes

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to marry a man with whom the mother has been having an affair. Instead of ending on this point, however, as Pinero's play does, by suicide, the mother plods steadily onward until she gets her daughter safely and happily married to a young New York millionaire. In its general material, the play follows the popular fad established by Burlesque and Excess Baggage, so that one comes away from it with a curious sense of having lived among incongruous ghosts. Certain moments in the play are well handled, but on the whole it is neither new nor inspiriting. The best acting is by Joan Storm as the mother, by Elizabeth Patterson as the widow of a third-rate showman who is carrying on her husband's work for the sake of a talented and worthless son, and by Paul Guilfoyle who plays the part of that son. (At the Little Theatre.)

Bottled

A VERY satisfactory comedy has been written by Anne Collins and Alice Timoney, with the background of a Kentucky distillery several years after the Volstead law had changed distillery properties from the asset to the liability side of the owner's balance sheet. The situation in the play is entirely dominated by an extraordinary old grandmother whose fury against the Volstead Act is only equaled by her miserliness and her determination that her children and grandchildren shall have no part of her money until she is well and thoroughly dead. The general working out of the plot is simple. It is brightly touched up here and there with some very human and quite feeling characterizations, considerable bootlegging comedy and many amusing situations.

Bottled is the kind of play which owes much of its charm to good acting and directing. Maud Durand plays the stern old grandmother to the hilt, but without the exaggeration which would have been quite fatal. Nellie Callahan plays her pathetic old-maid daughter in an excellent key of warm-hearted futility. Mildred McCoy, as the granddaughter whose twenty-first birthday brings the various matters to a crisis, plays not only with great naturalness, but with something of that quality and charm which distinguishes the work of Claiborne Foster. Al Roberts, as the family lawyer, and Halliam Bosworth, as the distillery superintendent, complete a neat, well-rounded picture. This play will provide good entertainment for all those who are not entirely lost in the current search for sophistication. (At the Booth Theatre.)

Impersonations in April

ALBERT CARROLL is giving a series of Sunday evening "recitals" consisting of many of his impersonations made famous in Grand Street Follies days, with the added zest of new ones selected from this year's theatrical fare. No one excels Carroll in this special art. To see him take off Laurette Taylor in a composite called Furious Interlude, or, in a double-sided costume, give Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore in the letter scene from the Merry Wives, is to realize that true impersonation comes from inner qualities rather than clever make-up. Mr. Carroll does more than look and talk like the victims of his satire; for the moment he may be said actually to become each, in turn. And that, we submit, is true art. (At the Little Theatre.)

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

BOOKS

Borrow as a Balladist

Ballads of All Nations, translated by George Borrow; a selection edited by R. Brimley Johnson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

GEORGE BORROW was, perhaps, the last English writer who could be really at home in the world out of which ballads and folk-lore have come. That world was no longer in the England of Borrow's time, but it still survived in lands in which Borrow sojourned. What are the marks of that world? A powerful oral tradition, first of all; in that world books were not common, and poetry and stories lived in memory and in speech—speech was voluminous, highly colored, full of quaint turns, and everyone used it fully and effectively. It was a world in which there were very few possessions, and in which everybody, master and man, mistress and maid, worked with their hands. But, above all, it was a little world—one knew everyone who came to the market, and knew all the things which had happened to them and to their fathers; and knowing hardly anything outside the parish bounds the people had to entertain themselves with tales of what had happened to themselves and to their neighbors, and with well-vouched-for traditions of youths who had been changed into bears by their jealous step-mothers, and of beldames who transformed themselves into cranes when knights fought with them.

George Borrow came in from the outside, but he was temperamentally fitted to be an inhabitant of that world. In his boyhood's sojourn in the wild south of Tipperary he had glimpses of it, and he formed attachments to things and personalities in it. He delighted in men who were survivors from that world in wider places—boxers, blacksmiths, gypsies. He had an astonishing verbal memory, and so could get to know the speech of remote peoples. Very likely he was inaccurate about the structure of the languages he learnt, but, very likely, too, he was able to seize hold of their spirit. And what he went straight for in any of the languages he learnt was, not its literary monuments, but the poems and stories which had been carried down in the memory of the people. While not insisting that he knew all the languages he parades in this collection, we can say that he brought to the translation of ballads an instinctive feeling for the life they had come out of—such an understanding as a poet like Swinburne, say, could never have had. He was not a skilful versifier, but the fact that some of his versions are sometimes incoherent, often awkwardly expressed, serves to remind us that these ballads were not literary productions, and that they were often worn and hacked like the benches and boards that the people sat on and around.

The ballads given in this selection are from Scandinavian, Old Norse, Old Danish, Swedish, modern Norwegian and Danish, Welsh, Manx, Cornish, Scots Gaelic, Irish, Dutch, Italian, French, Basque, Spanish, German, Hungarian, Polish and Russian, ancient Greek, modern Greek, Romany, and there is a section marked Miscellaneous. The Scandinavian section—using this name to cover all of his northern versions—is by far the most voluminous; Borrow is most at home among the northern traditions, and he gets his finest poetry out of them. Remembering his enthusiasm for the Welsh language and Welsh literature one is disappointed at the versions he has made from the Cymric. The Miscellaneous section is a big one; very likely the editor has put into it all the ballads he failed to trace to an original source. I can identify one as Irish—The Three Expectants. It has been, if I remember rightly, pub-

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lished by Dr. Douglas Hyde in The Religious Songs of Connacht.

How fantastical, and at the same time how tragical, is the world that is revealed in these ballads! All have the same conclusiveness; there are no evasions, no escapes; that which can be foreseen as the most dire of all consequences follows upon what is done. And no matter how fantastical are the settings and the circumstances, we can never doubt but that these men and women who suffer to the last pang were creatures of flesh and blood. They are made in the images of men and women who have had to stand up to the shocks of nature and of the world, who know, not only war, but the lack of bread and shelter, the heavy rain and the high wind, who live in a little world and know the texture of the clothes they put on, who have reaped and have baked the bread they eat, who know the real value of "the big wax light," and who know what it was to have done and to have benefited by the deed of charity, who never forget that the saints are near to them. They live in a little world, it is true, but because it is a little world, it is an intense world, a heroic world. It is good for us to recall that world, and there is no better way of recalling it than to read this book made by a man who was one of the last to live in it.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Detection without Tears

The Great Detective Stories: A Chronological Anthology, compiled and edited with an introduction by Willard Huntington Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE detective story is likened to a cross-word puzzle, but the facial expression of him who seeks "a word of five letters beginning with B" is one of abstracted application. Who has not remarked the breathless absorption of the detective-story reader? The introduction to Mr. Wright's anthology seeks to explain this thraldom.

The fictional detection of crime is a joyous game and this book will be read with interest by the detective-story addict, whose zest will be increased by a fuller knowledge of the rules of the game and of its technical requirements. His enjoyment will be that of an avid young lad who knows every minute problem of tennis, compared to that of a non-technical spectator who loves the game but does remember that the sun is too hot on the back of his neck.

Here also is a constructive guide to detective-story writing, detailing those elements, desirable in other forms of fiction, which are out of place here (descriptive or psychic atmosphere, intricate character analyses and fantasy) and the essentials of the detective story: the sense of reality, simple style, commonplace material and unity of mood. The book insists upon the strict ethical course imposed upon the detective-story author. Good! Who of us but has been outraged by some abominable trick, deception or false clew? The unique position of the fictional detective also is analyzed—the deus ex machina of the plot.

Having shown the elements of which the detective story is constructed, the history of the changes in the way these elements are put together is next presented. We are shown the development of the detective story, the elimination of extraneous matter and the emergence of a distinct technical form. The stories of the chronological anthology are cleverly selected to illustrate this development, even though its stages can be more easily distinguished in the book-length detective story. This is the more remarkable as the short detective tale is primarily the vehicle of plots which are irregular.

The great names of detective-story authors are detailed, from Poe, the originator, to Conan Doyle with whom "a purified fruition" was reached, and the modification and addition made by each author is tabulated.

Then follows a description of the variations of method and treatment which characterize the current mode in detective stories, and an enumeration and classification of the different types of modern detectives. Thus a favorite may be traced whenever one feels in the mood to enjoy his particular gifts. The scientific, intellectual, psychological, pathological, female, blind, amateur, alienist and journalistic sleuths all make their appearances.

But as we said, this is not only an excellent handbook for the detective story reader. The next few paragraphs, describing the hackneyed devices to be avoided, will be of special interest to the prospective author. It is worth noting, however, that one or another of these various devices, phonograph alibis, forged finger prints, distinctive cigarettes and many others, seem to appear in almost all detective stories. But this detailed warning will prevent any writer who has read the introduction from making the mistake of putting all of them in one detective story.

This complicated intricate game of crime detection must be played for a sufficient stake, our brilliant sleuth must have ample incentive to the expenditure of his powers. A major crime must be at stake—preferably a body on the carpet in the first few chapters, a swiftly disappearing and not too thoroughly described body, but a body nevertheless, for one would not enjoy moving the library furniture in the search for a penny.

The stories in the anthology are interesting and would be valuable simply as a collection of enthralling tales, but they are even more absorbing because chosen to illustrate the development of the modern form, and this point of view gives new interest to the reading of familiar tales. The inclusion of four continental stories makes an interesting comparison and bears out the author's contention that a detective story is more easily appreciated when its setting is familiar.

Each story is preceded by a brief account of its author and a list of his principal works which the omnivorous reader of detective stories will find invaluable.

ANNE GORDON WINCHESTER.

The Gael in Arms

Recollections of the Irish War, by Darrell Figgis. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.00.

NO ONE was better able to produce this book than Darrell Figgis. The confidant of Arthur Griffith and for a long time the secretary of Sinn Fein, he was also a man of letters and a trained observer of affairs. He had had a brilliant career in Fleet Street and well before the outbreak of the world war he had found it possible to quit the hurly-burly of daily newspaper work for the quietude of Holy Ireland where he made a creditable start as a writer of critical essays and fiction. But there was in him that spirit that keeps a man above his calling—that causes him, indeed, to abandon his career, however promising, at the call of high adventure.

And this is essentially a tale of adventure, beginning in the early summer of 1914 when Mr. Figgis, acting on behalf of the Irish Volunteers, purchased in Hamburg the arms and ammunition that were subsequently—and again under his direction—landed at Howth. It is a tale that is likely to be remembered, not alone as probably the most important single contribution to the history of those troubled years that had their

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climax in the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, but also as a literary achievement of quite exceptional power.

More than to any other man, the credit is due to Darrell Figgis for having made of the Sinn Fein organization the most perfect instrument for mobilizing popular forces that Ireland had ever seen. But unknown to the rank and file, he tells us now, Sinn Fein lay for two critical years on the verge of internal strife that might at any moment have torn it asunder. The founders—Griffith and his followers—stood firmly for the proposition that armed force, in the fight for Irish freedom, was of no avail except in support of, and in defense of, a considered policy which they conceived it their part to develop and give to the nation. But now that Sinn Fein was triumphant in the land, these men kept control against a powerful opposition formed of members of the oath-sworn secret society of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, whose faith was only in armed force and obedient ranks of fighting men.

Then a curious thing was brought to pass. Hoping to enforce conscription in Ireland in the early part of 1918, the British administration began by removing hundreds of "agitators" to safe keeping in English prisons. But the effect of this, the "German plot" round-up, was very different from what had been expected. The people were deeply stirred. Conscription was, in the face of this reaction, put out of the question altogether. And it follows, of course, that Sinn Fein was confirmed in absolute leadership and control. But by the same turn of the wheel the I. R. B. were made the masters of Sinn Fein, for as each believer in passive resistence gave himself up to be arrested, his place in the executive council was taken, according to a prearranged plan, by someone else, and in every case the someone else had had orders to resist arrest.

"In this manner," says Darrell Figgis, "came Michael Collins to the control for which he had striven. . . . A man of ruthless purpose and furious energy, knowing clearly what he wanted and prepared to trample down everybody to get it, he was the real master of the new executive committee." Harsh words, these! and all the more impressive because they are those of one who, in the split that followed the Treaty, was the strong supporter of the mighty Mick.

A chain of disasters followed the Brotherhood's accession to power. To maintain their control they made use of methods which had the effect of ruining popular confidence in the party and which Mr. Figgis does not hesitate to call "utterly corrupt." By wire-pulling and by downright falsification of the truth, they insured the return in the general election of 1919 of exceedingly few men who had not taken their own oath of obedience. They destroyed their only chance of placing the case for Irish freedom before the Peace Conference by declaring the Irish Republic beforehand, thereby taking the decision out of the hands of the court and making it impossible for the nations to consider an appeal without ipso facto recognizing the Republic. And they set deliberately and with a knowledge of popular psychology that was utterly amazing, to provoke the war in which England made use of her "Black and Tans."

These are the principal charges that Mr. Figgis brings against the I. R. B. But all the while he quite chivalrously defends their patriotism, saying that once in control they used their power "nobly and courageously in all matters of national advantage; but not so nobly, not so courageously, in personal matters." In which event may I suggest that the harm they did to individuals wrought even greater harm to Ireland, for it deprived the nation in a critical hour of the leadership of men of greater intellectual capacity and of wider experience of af-

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fairs than they, apparently, were able to muster. But here, of course, the blame will have to be apportioned, a certain share falling inevitably to such men as Darrell Figgis for their failure to take the oath like soldiers. After all, no human organization can admit the principle of conscientious non-conformity to the law by which it lives and then hope successfully to prosecute a war.

While enough of it remains to give a fairly complete picture of events, to present a fairly coherent argument, a considerable part of Mr. Figgis's narrative, unfortunately, has been omitted from this book—quite possibly suppressed. The missing chapters should cover the most interesting of all of Mr. Figgis's adventures—for example, his escape from an English prison.

DAVID MARSHALL.

Wires and Wirepullers

The Invisible Government, by William Bennett Munro. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THIS book makes delightful reading for any citizen willing to give a little pleasurable and profitable thought to some outstanding political problems. It is Professor Munro's contention that forces unsuspected by the average voter, and remote from the obvious trend of politics, exert a steady and determining influence on the individual life and on the course of government.

The six stimulating essays in which he develops this thesis are replete with wisdom and humor and are a happy addition to the more ambitious works which have already stamped him as one of our leading political philosophers. This does not mean that the reader will necessarily agree with all his conclusions. The present reviewer, for example, is not convinced that vested wealth "has been guided by sense, not sentiment." This invisible force has been at times even more stupid than malicious. Indeed, under modern conditions it might be a real menace if it were more intelligent. The ignorance of the opulent in France and Russia in each old régime precipitated the events which brought destruction, and certainly the welfare of society did not coincide with the unenlightened self-interest of factory- and mine-owners in the early days of the industrial revolution. Dr. Munro does will to remind us, however, that in our day the art of chronic and successful lobbying is by no means monopolized by representatives of corporate wealth.

The author makes a telling attack on that political fundamentalism which results in attempts to run our government in accordance with outworn shibboleths. We talk of popular sovereignty, of majority rule, of checks and balances, of the rule of public opinion and of the equality of men. Meanwhile the subtle influence of party, racial and religious affiliations conspires with the unseen pressure of propaganda, of geographic determinism and economic necessity, to demolish the much-vaunted independence of the glorified private citizen.

Professor Munro believes that there exists an essential incompatibility between efficiency and democracy. His profound study of municipalities has probably led him to this conclusion. But it is hard to believe that even American cities are irrevocably doomed to scorn experts and cherish charlatans. There are signs that more business-like administration need not destroy the substance of democracy. As to our larger units of government, when we recall the number of autocracies that were wasteful and incompetent, we may have courage to look forward to a democracy that will combine the benefits of efficiency with those of self-rule.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Russian Close-Ups

We Have Changed All That, by Herbert Quick and Elena Stepanoff MacMahon. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

A NIGHT in 1919 finds Musia Krassin facing a terrible ordeal. Her family has been stripped of its wealth and influence by the Bolsheviki. Her weakling brother, a former officer of the czar's army, has been seized and is awaiting the firing squad. Now her mother has arranged that Musia go to the commissar and barter her most precious possession for her brother's life.

With this filament of fantasy the authors throw a bright light on the more obscure phases of the Russian revolution. We see the individual, now trembling with uncertainty, now giving free rein to greed and lust, while power-hungry bosses crowd each other for supremacy.

In the first few chapters, however, the light is not steady. Clumsy chronological "cut-backs" cause it to flicker. More than once it is dimmed by extraneous comment. It seems to go out entirely when an opaque conversation between the authors themselves is intruded.

Perhaps the circumstances of authorship explain the unevenness of craftsmanship. Herbert Quick met Mrs. Stepanoff MacMahon at Vladivostock in 1920. She had just escaped the Bolshevist fury after a harrowing flight through Siberia. "Why don't you put your experience in a book?" Quick urged. She objected that she had never written a line. He offered to collaborate. This novel, then, is the joint product of the practised hand that fashioned Vandemark's Folly and one that is holding the pen in public for the first time.

The limp may be noticed, however, only in the introductory portion. Thereafter the story moves with steadily increasing speed. The characters, when they emerge, throb with life. We cringe with Musia under the caress of the drunken Bolshevist raider. We tremble with her at every footfall outside, fearing it the prelude to that last remaining demand. We plod with her through the gloomy street to the commissar's lodging. With her we falter at the entrance, feigning an interest in insignificant things in a vain attempt to forget the reality leering behind the door. We Have Changed All That is a vivid close-up of the Russian people in the throes of revolution.

JOHN COLLINS.

La Grande Nation

In Praise of France, by Stephen Gwynn. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THOUSANDS of people from many parts of the world engage in friendly invasions of France every year; but that there are still many opportunities for discovering regions in that enigmatic country that seldom have been visited by the tourist and are well worth attention, is a point made by Mr. Gwynn in this attractive new book.

A traveler hurrying through France on a schedule that has little flexibility may obtain impressions that may well repay him; but the leisurely person who tarries frequently in the byways, in preference to the crowded highways and the places of the conventional itineraries, is the wiser nomad; it is he who will have a greater reward in a more intimate knowledge and understanding of the country and the people.

One may perceive the contour of a city or a village or a countryside by glancing from the window of a railway train, or from a plane scurrying through the air, but he will learn

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little that is vital about the country by such casual and hurried glimpses. Mr. Gwynn having found the ideal way to discover the beauty of France, hopes to induce others to try his method.

No one who reads Mr. Gwynn's story will find any reason to complain of haste on the part of the author either in his method of traveling or in his manner of recording his observations and experiences. Mr. Gwynn gives the results of four years of diligent exploration of France. With an artist's enthusiasm he declares that France has many fields for surprising adventures in regions uncharted in many guide-books. Even the traveler who believes he is well acquainted with that country will find much in the book to convince him that he had missed a great many of the most alluring aspects of French life.

The journeys taken by Mr. Gwynn were along pleasant little rivers, many of which were open to anglers, through the gorgeous valley of the Orne and on to Normandy, with rests at Rennes and Angers, the valley of the Loire, Poitou, Perigord and Gascony, where he encountered delights of which the world beyond unfortunately knows but little. Mr. Gwynn urges the traveler to sojourns at Avallon and Vézelay, Bugey and Valromey, Brillat-Savarin's country, where gastronomic arts are at their finest. In Mr. Gwynn's opinion the traveler who goes to those places and to Lyons and the Mediterranean shore and on to the Mountain of the Moors is to be envied. Equally fortunate is he who visits Bordeaux in vintage time.

Mr. Gwynn shows great cathedrals in cities and little churches on lone hillocks; splendid castles and roadside huts; mediaeval fortresses upon high ridges and boy scout shacks in pines and brushwood; crowded towns and palm-set villas; orange trees in the Midi and swamps in Picardy; and old monasteries, many of them in ruins, and the modern woodman's cottage. These and many other contrasting things of old and new France are pictured in glowing text. Supplementing these word pictures are numerous illustrations from rare prints.

P. A. KINSLEY.

"The Temple" in America

The Huguenots of Colonial South Carolina, by Arthur H. Hirsch. Duke University Press. $5.00.

IN PREPARING the first history of the Huguenots of South Carolina, Dr. Hirsch has gone to such extensive labors in examining a mass of primary material—wills, church registers, letters, etc.—as well as the available secondary material, that it is easy to pardon the deficiencies in his history. Beginning his study with a discussion of the Edict of Nantes, which caused many Protestants to leave France and seek shelter in England and the new world, the author has recorded the progress of those who came to South Carolina up to 1777 when Lafayette, landing at Charlestown, found his countrymen "so completely a part of the province, sharing its public offices and civic and economic responsibilities, as to become one with it."

Dr. Hirsch is not a stylist, and as a part of this book was prepared to fulfil the thesis requirements for the Ph.D. degree, he so meticulously catalogued the names and accomplishments of the settlers, ministers, merchants and other Huguenots, that he sacrificed a general picture of the colonial life of the colony; fortunately he included copies of many letters and petitions which give viability to the book's colorless but, in almost all instances, accurate record. The most interesting portion of this record, from a historical and economic viewpoint, is that delineating the causes which brought about the failure of the wine, oil and silk production—on which the proprietors had

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counted when inducing the French to settle in the colony—and the rise of the rice, indigo and cotton industries, in which the Huguenots played representative parts.

Dr. Hirsch has endeavored, with only partial success, to show that the passage of the Church Act of 1706, which forced Huguenot churches into the Anglican, was "not anti-Huguenot, but pro-Huguenot" in purpose and effect. It is true that, though the Huguenots were allied to the Dissenter faction through mutual religious rebellion, they were attacked by the Dissenters for throwing their political influence with the Anglican faction; but the mob riot which reigned five days and the wills requesting Calvinistic burial certainly confute the contention that "it was therefore not the Church of England that was persecuting the Huguenots." The author's own discussion of the subject is, to say the least, ambiguous; and the position of the proprietors, who induced the French to colonize South Carolina and then forced Anglicanism upon them, is open to question. The Anglicans paid for this enforced assimilation, however, for the Huguenots, by helping to dilute the High-church policy, have kept the Episcopal Church in South Carolina Low-church to the present day.

The French Protestants failed in transplanting their Calvinistic doctrines to South Carolina, but they succeeded in producing fortunes and improving the economic structure of the province. And Dr. Hirsch is to be thanked for making available a hitherto inaccessible portion of our Colonial history.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

The Art of the Lens

Romantic America, by E. O. Hoppé. New York: B. Westermann Company, Incorporated. $7.50.

THIS volume of pictures, taken with an intention of developing pictorially the romance of America for the foreigner or all those who have not followed the injunction "See America First," leaves one with a feeling of gratitude that "the camera does not lie." This is inspired by Mr. Hoppé's preface, which is a marvel of naïve adulatory prose, steeped in errors and filled with the fallacy, so common to visitors to America, of arguing from the particular to the general. The latter mistake is even to be found in the picture captions which frequently credit scenes with typicalness when that quality is really not there. Nevertheless the photographs, despite preface and captions, tell the truth, although not the whole truth, about America.

In taking them, Mr. Hoppé has had, on the whole, remarkable success, both in snatching beauty from subjects dependent on color for their greatest appeal and in presenting this country in most phases of its illimitable variety. There are gaps naturally in this pictorial collection. American mountains, far surpassing the majesty and beauty of the Alps, have been given no place in the volume nor is full justice done American lakes. In the cities, Mr. Hoppé's camera has been laboriously placed to give the unusual angle, but with what purpose is not always clear. At least the transitory nature of much urban structure is given good point by the photographer's fondness for including the ugly scaffolding that grows up about American buildings under construction. In like fashion, industrial centres are shown in all the grotesqueness of forests of smoke-stacks and chimneys, of lattice-works of cranes and cables. But in the range of nature, where lights and shadows form so essential a part of the composition, Mr. Hoppé is alike to be praised for his artistry and his originality in selection.

JOHN G. BRUNINI.

Briefer Mention

Theory and Technique of Psychoanalysis, by Sandor Ferenczi; compiled by John Rickman. New York: Boni and Liveright. $5.00.

THE latest book of Dr. Ferenczi is one of those curious "deposits" of opinion and data which psychoanalysts seem to favor as media of exposition. There are a number of addresses, all more or less in the nature of a running commentary on Freud, which provide the less thoroughly initiated reader with information about such matters as neurosis, suggestion and analysis. A series of articles reproduced from journals deals hypothetically and, for the most part, modestly, with phenomena which have come under Dr. Ferenczi's personal observation. Here one finds a suggestive paper on hysterical materialization and a helpful though not quite convincing discussion of two types of war neurosis. Anybody familiar with the literature on the subject will doubtless find the treatment of The Development of an Active Therapy the really original part of the book. The scraps that make up so much of the last section are not always trivial, but they are too indefinite to be of use to anyone except an actual practitioner.

Christ in the Lenten Gospels, by Father Bampton, S. J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.25.

Mary's Month, by Sister M. Emmanuel, O. S. B. St. Louis: B. Herder Company.

THESE volumes are weighted with perennial truth. The discourses in the Lenten book are personal and thoughtful, and the attractive print invites reading. The second part of the book holds a baker's dozen of papers on man's religious needs. It forms a useful spiritual apologetic that points the only way to peace and fortitude for the modern soul, in danger of starving through self-surfeiting and vexed by the sophistries of reason and of sense. Much interesting and informative erudition, none the less useful for its acknowledged collation from other sources, have gone into the making of Mary's Month. There is high usefulness and charm in any book that "daily sings to Mary." Catholic custom, while it formally consecrates May to Our Lady's honor, urges, too, a daily devotion. This book should prove useful the year round.

The Effective College, edited by Robert Lincoln Kelly. New York: The Association of American Colleges. $2.00.

COMPRISING as it does a large number of exceptionally well-informed papers concerning the conduct of the modern college, the present volume will tell every reader a great deal he does not know about academic affairs. To the discussion of it which forms part of our editorial comment this week, we should like to add here that the book is exceptionally well organized and leaves practically no major collegiate topic (excepting such as interest the student body primarily) untouched.

New York Beautiful, by Wallace Nutting. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.00.

THIS book of history and description, accompanying a plenteous store of illustration, covers so wide a field in the state of New York that a special volume has had to be reserved to deal with the history and scenery of Long Island. The author has had considerable experience in descriptive work in his books of the States Beautiful Series, and his photographs taken specially for the present volume are clear and well diversified.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"We are well wadded with stupidity else we might hear the grass grow or the squirrel's heart-beat, or die of the roar that lies on the other side of silence," the Doctor was reading during the lull that usually falls over the city during the luncheon hour, when mastication takes the place of laceration of the ear-drums by no other sounds than those above the cafeteria soup-bowls. As he turned the page the whistles blew from all the skyscrapers that are at present competing with the eagle in his flight, and the riveting machines on the ninety and nine stories began their battering for the cohorts of Beelzebub. Delirium, such as Cousin Euphrasia has never known in her sharpest neuralgia in Snittersville, spread its reign of terror afar; jumping nerves and sensitive roots caused horror to spread everywhere except in the offices of the dentists. Far away across the rivers mothers ran for the paregorics: tooting wildly, the drivers of taxicabs ran for shelter in every direction permitted by the traffic regulations: but the titanic wood-peckers riveted, blasted, hammered and screwed in the blazing sunshine of our primrose noontide.

"The rest is silence," shouted Britannicus, pausing from the ceaseless clatter of his portable Remorseful, and then galloping off on a galeful, blustery paragraph to poor Doctor Angelicus's yawp of terror.

Enter the carpenters: new doors, new compartments, new shelves for editorial comfort and decorum.

"What long nails they have," groaned Angelicus: "must they drive them in so deep and with such self-satisfied conscience?"

"Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do and die,"

merrily trolled the British author, tearing off his sheets with a slashing noise that cut the staccato as with a dull razor blade.

Hour after hour the merry note of the springtime constructionists swung along. Bells jangled; express trains puffed off with mighty initial heaves to the little grey homes in the West; windows rattled with a joy Gargantuan; Miss Amanuensa's yellow daffodils gleamed from her desk with a sodden leer, but her perfect ondulé bent over the ivory keys dispensing a concerto not of this world, but of some darker, more gruesome realm than any subterranean jazz-parlor.

"We shall sink," cried Britannicus, like some Mediterranean admiral on the bridge amid the bellowing of a storm off Malta.

"Don't give up the ship," groaned Angelicus at the top of his querulous voice. "Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!"

"Let me seek the seclusion that the cabin grants," Britannicus replied in a bellowing whisper. "Blow, blow, thou cruel wintry blasts, thou art not so unkind."

"Rivets, rivets!" shrieked the Doctor, as the carpenters began with their saws.

"Your cavities call for soft fillings, Doctor. You should come to me oftener," minced Britannicus in stentorian tones.

"Oh, for the pebbles of Demosthenes to face this rabble down!" exclaimed Angelicus.

"These augurs and planes are lacking in classical repose, it is true, my friend—

"Out of song comes silence
Out of silence song:"

"Sing on, Britannicus—'Sing me to sleep, mother'—no offense, brother, we are in the same lodge."

"Would it were in the wilderness—'and thou.'"

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"I can see the tree, Britannicus, and oh, for the bees' soft susurrus!"

"Seek not for pastoral delights; tomorrow will be press-day and we've caught no fish today."

"Oh placid pools and shady nook
With lively worms upon my hook"

"No more, my friend, you swing a poisoned bowie. Would you have blood?—strike here."

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"Everything except the rainbow," I declare. "See, it is almost half-past three. The ploughman homeward plods his weary way. Come, Noah, leave thine ark, the deluge is subsiding. In a moment, peace—with her victories—will spread across our world."

"No, Angelicus, 'Curfew shall not ring tonight.' Rivets, rivets, 'Count that day lost whose setting sun'—'and one soft voice alone is heard. Oh, night is lovely then'—but not tonight; they are working overtime, Ulalume—"

"Suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping!"

"Immortal gods and little fishes, bring me not back my dreams! Or is this a nightmare after my carrots?"

"It is all thy past life come back on thee, Gerontius; this is foretaste of what awaits thee after thy funeral oration, and thy floral wreaths have been dumped outside the cemetery walls. Think of eternity, O indulgent mortal soul, and the rivets driven, driven and never to be settled firmly on thee! Think of thy banquets long devoured; thy garlands rust and dust; thy books with the second-hand dealer; the cobwebs over thine old walking-sticks. My! but that rivet was a sharp one!" as with a hollow grunt Angelicus lapsed away for a moment.

He revived sufficiently to inquire—"Is this our Quiet Corner?"

Pitilessly his friend and future biographer murmured—
"Lo, there she stands, the little quietude!"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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